Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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Ohio River, near Wheeling.

The very pretty view of the Ohio River, to which the description refers, was taken expressly for this periodical, by Mr. Charles Sullivan, a young and meritorious artist. The engraving takes in the head of Wheeling Island, and part of the town of Wheeling, in the distance. The island is a beautiful spot and contains two handsome farms. Tradition says that it came into the possession of the whites by a stratagem. The Indian Chief to whom it belonged, was enticed over to the Virginia shore, by a white, displaying a flag of truce; the Indian, confiding in the emblem of peace, paddled over in his canoe, but the moment he touched the shore, the treacherous white shot him down with a rifle, sprung into his canoe, and took possession of the island.

The mouth of Scotch creek, about twenty-eight miles below Wheeling, is a place of much importance, where great caution is necessary to be observed by pilots, on account of the bar, which extends far into the river. The river at this place has a deepest also, which causes a velocity in the current. When the water is low, the rocks at a small distance below the bar, appear above the surface and cause a ripple. Further down it becomes more agitated and boils and whirls in large waves over the hidden lands. The small strip of bottom land at the place where the creek enters the river, is remarkable for the great number of fine arrow heads, which are found there. In ploughing up new land at any of the creek, vast numbers of flint heads, arrow heads and human skeletons, are thrown up, affording evidence of many a bloody contest between different tribes of Indians, and the Indians and whites. The whole country of the Ohio river is in fact memorable for scenes of strife and deadly conflict.

Civilization, however, at this time, is the darlings shining mark of its borders, and the busy hum of industry is heard, where a few years ago, naught disturbed the silence of nature but the cries of the Indian warrior. The Ohio is a river of great importance in the Mississippi Valley. Though the descent in some places is at least ten feet in a mile, the current is comparatively regular in particular places, gentle, so as to admit of steam-boat navigation. Its average breadth is 800 yards, and the usual rise, from low to high water, is about 30 feet. At low water, in the autumn months, it may be forded at several places above Louisville.

Numerous islands, large and small, are found in the river, and the tract of country through which the river flows, is one of the richest and most delightful on the globe. The wealth of the neighboring states is easily transported to the river, by the numerous navigable streams which it receives, and is thence transferred to New Orleans, the great commercial emporium of the Mississippi Valley.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

EARLY DEATH.

Weep not for him—he met so sad to die in early youth
While yet the world appears to us all lovelinest and truth,
While the blue skies that o'er us bend seem clearer and more bright
Than e'er they will, in after years, when grief hath dimm'd the sight,
While the sweet summer's silvery moon, and every glittering star,
Send down rich gleams of joy to us from their bright thrones afar;
The murmuring stream, the verdant grass, the flowers and waving trees,
All, all are precious founts of joy, waking with every breeze.
And dearer yet—the thousand sweets of home,—the tender love
That forms an atmosphere around, breathing of that above:
Is it not better she should leave scenes beautiful as this,
And soon to needless Heavenly Sire in realms of endless bliss,
Than for long years to linger in this world of busy life,
Chequer'd at best with many a sense of misery and strife,
Subject to human sin and pain,—the bitter pang to know
Of disappointment, sharp and deep—false friend and hidden foe!
To follow to the dreary tomb, those forms so fondly dear,
While [illegible]
Oh! that were misery indeed! to feel herself alone,
When those kind hearts had ceas'd to beat that answer'd to her own,
Weep then no more—for she has known naught of this world but joy,
And now she dwells where songs of praise her happy lips employ.

ROSALIE.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Summer Travelling—West Chester—The Field of Brandywine—Banks of that beautiful river—Rail Road, &c.

"How changed," exclaimed an old gentleman, a friend of mine the other day, as we entered High street to West Chester, and came in sight of,

"The turban'd Turk, who scorns the world
And swings about with his whiskers curl'd."

We had just arrived in the fine borough after a delicious flight on the rail road, sweeping along with such rapidity that our words seemed to fly behind us. "How changed! How changed," repeated my old friend. "Our speed I suppose," replied I, a little sarcastically, "Indeed our quick pace is a change from the cannon ball motion, with which we have left the"—

"The what?" interrupted my old companion, with a voice which gives one to understand that my mirth and his philosophy like oil and water refused to intermingle. The sharp tone made me start, but sealed my lips as my looks spoke contrition, and his forgiveness, we were just in front of where Washington stands in solemn dignity on one side, and the placid Lafayette on the other side of Sampson Babb's sign board.—*The reader may now learn once for all, that whenever I have occasion to name either of those characters, those names shall stand in relief without even the useless adjunct of surname or title*; and I can tell the traveller also, who may happen to sojourn in West Chester, that he may see the same two figures whose names stand, and even will stand together, and enjoy the benefits of an excellent public house at the same time—but let me return to my story.

We were in front of the double sign of Washington and Lafayette, when mollified by my contrite expression of face, but forgetful of the group in Babb's porch, who, were intently gazing at two old frames, "just from the country," thought they no doubt; my friend stopped short, and seizing my arm arrested my steps also, and raising his cane, pointed to the Turk's head, observing earnestly, "well do I remember when that was the only house worth calling a house in this place; why Mark, I was a boy of twelve years old and though not in the battles, I was in sight of the field of Brandywine, and saw, yes I saw the very two represented on that sign," turning and pointing to Washington and Lafayette, his flashing eye and Quaker coat and hat, exhibiting a curious admixture of contrasts. Feeling a little awkward at the exhibition we were making, I recalled the old philosopher to a recollection of the present by simply observing, "you know friend, that as we are to visit the field of Brandywine together, we can better talk about it there than here," glancing the corner of my right eye to the group in the porch. "Well! well! well there's right for once Mark," placing great emphasis on the monosyllable once, and in a short time we were nicely mounted at Walton's. Philosophers and Quakers the reader must know, seek or at least ought to seek private lodgings. "And a good riddance to both," my many of the readers, we dont go to West Chester to enjoy silence or to philosophize."

"Very well," to I or I, there's room plenty in and about West Chester for the young, the gay, and the tuneful, as there is for such grave and reverend gents as old Simeon Smoothcoat, and his friend Mark Bancroft. To you go to Evenhart's hotel, or to any of the other excellent public houses of the borough, where there are several, but permit us to return to Walton's, and then you may laugh and we moralize, without giving each other annoyance.

But on a moment's reflection, I must claim a little of your attention before we part. Now let me ask, whether the grave and the gay do not both gain by travelling this world in company? Where both extremes are sweetened by the sugar of good nature, and qualified by the milk of human kindness, is not the cup of life rendered delicious as nectar? Though not as now—I was young once, and then hailed the society of the aged, and had a very great partiality to the Smoothcoat family in particular. Some of that connexion, to be candid, had more taste for vinegar than milk in their diet, but they were exceptions. As a general rule the character of the family was that of placid, unpretending, and unprofessing kindness, and my old friend Simeon, was ever a favorable specimen of the fair side of the picture—I doubt whether a frown ever darkened his brow; I wish I could say as much for myself—but no matter, we are all as we are, and every one of us who find ourselves in West Chester, have discovered the prize in one of the most delightful spots of our eloquented country, and many more, if they knew as much of their own country as they do of the hills of Scotland, or the mountains of Switzerland, would not need such a cosmopolite as old Mark Bancroft to tell them, that they have in their own country innumerable places as rich in scenery, as pleasing to the eye, as soul inspiring, and as abundant in historic charms as those in far distant Europe.

West Chester is now a centre from which it is impossible to follow one of the roads without merging from one beautiful scene to another. Along a most varied dale by Strode's Academy, one hour's ride or two hour's moderate walk, will take the traveller to the classic field of Brandywine, which for its historic interest adds the features of nature and those of a thickly inhabited and well cultivated country. From thence, if so inclined, the traveller may ramble into Wilmington, down the ever changing order of Brandywine, or turn up that stream, and find wherewith to fill the view and mind at every step. If on the other side, the trip is made to the northward; an hour will suffice to pass over hill and dale into the great valley. Here, to those who have never before seen that extraordinary feature in the geography of Chester county, will be presented a landscape, which could not be in the heart whose pulses will not be increased at the sight. Spreading far to right and left, as even a landscape, over which, as on an immense painting are commingled farm houses, fields of luxuriant grain, meadows of most abundant heritage, orchards, clumps of trees, and roads like great lineaments on the face of nature. To this seductive scene, life is imparted by flocks and herds, the busy ploughman, the reaper, and the many other avocations of human life, but above all the trains of cars literally flying along the Pennsylvania rail road.

Proceed on to Downingtown, and there, turn to the left, down east Brandywine, and, as if in a dream, every object will in a few moments change. To the widely flowing surface of the great valley will succeed a comparative mountain gorge. Along a narrow dell the clear stream winds between steeps broken by rock and cradles. The houses seem to retire behind the sloping swells as if the inmates had retired from the world and its ways. In many places the rocks hang as if every moment ready to thunder to the river's brink.

So on, wind round, pass this narrow vale, rise the hills, and as the deepening shadows of night are hiding the face of earth, you will find shelter and all ministers to body or mind in West Chester. To-morrow, and its to-morrow, and many in succession will be a people as cultivated as their fields, and every where the farm houses and barns evince plenty.

MARK BANCROFT.

The German Student's Story.

From Norman Leslie, a new novel by T. S. Fay, now in the Press of Harper & Brothers, New York.

"I have myself," said Kreutzner, "witnessed many duels; but we are not so blood thirsty generally speaking, as you moral Americans. We usually settle these matters with a sword, a better method, by the way, and more worthy of a soldier than your cold, murderous pistol-firing. Any poltroon may pull a trigger, but it requires the firm hand and steady eye of a man to manage the steel. However, as I was saying, when I was at *Jena* they called each other out as merrily as beaux and belles to a dance. It was but the treading on the toe—the brushing of an elbow; nay, an accidental look that fell on them when they wished not observation, and the next day, or, by St. Andrew the next hour there was a clash of steel, and the stamping of feet on the greensward; and the kindling and flashing of fiery eyes—and plunge and parry, and cut and thrust, till one or both lay stretched at length; a pass through the body—a gash open in the cheek—the scalp cleft down, or a hand off, and the blood bubbling and gushing forth like a rill of mountain water. There were more than one of these fellows—devils, I must say, who, when they found among them some strange student, timid or retired, with whose character they were unacquainted, or whose courage they doubted, would pass the bits out of mere sport; brush his shirt, charge the offence upon him, demand an apology too humble for a hare, and dismiss him from the adventure only with an opened shoulder, or daylight through his body.

"There was among us one fellow named Mentz, who, assumed, and wore with impunity the character of head bully. He was foremost in all the devilry.—His pistol was death, and his broadsword cut like the scissors of fate. It was curious to see the fellow fire—one, two, three, and good by to his antagonist. His friendship was courted by all; for to be his enemy was to lie in a bloody grave. At length, grown fearless of being called to account, he took pride in insulting strangers, and even women. His appearance was formidable: a great burly giant, with shaggy black hair, huge whiskers, and grim mustaches, three inches long, twirled under his nose. A sort of beauty he had too: and among the women—heaven help us—wherever those mustaches showed themselves every opponent abandoned the ground. It was, at last, really dangerous to have a sweet heart; for out of pure bravado Mentz would push forward, make love to the lady, frighten her swain, and either terrify or fascinate herself. Should the doomed lover offer any resistance, he had no more to do but call a surgeon; and happy enough he considered himself if he escaped with the loss of his teeth or an eye. He had killed four men who never injured him—wounded seventeen, and fought twenty duels. He once challenged a whole club who had black-balled him among *wouvle*; and was pacified only by being re-admitted, though all the members immediately resigned, and the club was broken up.

"At last there came a youth into the university—slender, quiet, and boy-looking, with a handsome face, though somewhat pale. His demeanour, though generally shy, was noble and self possessed. He had been but a short time among us, however, before he was set down as a cowardly creature, and prime game for the 'devils broke loose,' as the gang of Mentz termed themselves. The *boy* youth shunned all the riots and revels of the university—insulted no one; and if his mantle brushed against that of another, apologized so immediately, so gracefully, and so gently, that the devil himself could not have fixed a quarrel upon him. It soon appeared, too, that Gertrude, the lovely daughter of the *Baron de Saale*—the toast of all the country—upon whom the most of us had gazed as on some thing quite above us—it soon appeared that the girl loved this youthful stranger. Now Mentz had singled Gertrude out for himself, and avowed his preference publicly. Arnold, for thus was the new student called, was rarely, if ever, tempted to our feasts; but once he came unexpectedly on a carousal invitation. To the great surprise of the company Mentz himself was there, and seated himself unabashed at the table, though an unbidden guest. The strongest curiosity at once arose to witness the result, for Mentz had sworn that he would compel Arnold, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed his mistress. It had not appeared that Arnold knew any thing of Mentz's character, for he sat cheerfully and gayly at the board, with as much the manners of a high born gentleman, that every one admitted at once his goodness, his grace, and his beauty; and regretted the abyss on the brink of which he unconsciously stood.

"What, ho!" at length shouted Mentz, as the evening had a little advanced, and the wine began to master a weak *head*. Come—drink it all; and he who refuses is a poltroon and a coward. I quaff this goblet off to the brim—to the health and happiness of Gertrude de Saale—the flower of the land! Who says he knows a better? a black bar, and I will write the word on his forehead with a red hot brand."

"Every goblet was emptied but one, which stood untasted—unwetted. On perceiving this, the ruffian leaned forward, fixed his eyes on the *cup*, struck his brawny hand down fiercely on the table, which returned a thundering crash and rattle, and then repeated, in a voice husky with rage—

"'There is a cup full: by St. Anthony! I will make the owner swallow its measure of molten lead, if it remain thus one instant longer."

"'Drink it,' Arnold—drink it, boy; keep thy hand out of useless fetters,' whispered a student near him rather advanced in age.

"'Drink, friend!' muttered another, dryly, 'or he will not be slow in doing his threat, I promise thee.'

"'Empty the cup, man!' cried a third; 'never frown and turn pale, or thy young head will lie lower than thy feet ere to-morrow's sunset.'

"'Is it Mentz the duellist,' said the fourth.—'Dost thou not know the gentleman's skill. He will kill thee if thou wear a dress, if thou oppose him in a wink. He is more merciless than a wild beast. Drink, man, drink!'

"During this interesting scene, the youth had remained motionless, cool, and silent. A slight pallour, but evidently more of indignation than fear, came over his handsome features; and his eyes glanced with emotion from one to another, as if the interest prevalent there, centred but in one theme.

"'By the same gentlemen,' he said at length, 'I am in no manner fond of a quarrel; but a younger person he none, and this my place.—'

"'John!' thundered Mentz, foaming at the lip.

"'I must let you that I come from a part of the country where we neither give nor take such jokes, or even insults.'

"'Hast thou taken leave of thy friends?' said Mentz, partly touched by admiration, and not then tired of his; 'for then hereupon on me finally hast bloody pillow: to-day, drink, as I have told thee, to Gertrude, thinnest of the air.' And his huge round eyes opened, like those of a bull upon a charging victim.

"'That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely,' cried the youth, rising, 'may not be denied by me. But—I demand for what reason am I and my cause thus rudely contested at a board of revelry, and pelleted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?'

"'By the bones of my father,' said Mentz, in a tone of deep and deep anger, which had on then appalled many a stout heart—'by the bones of my father, your life is sealed! Be your blood upon your own head! Hah,' said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more lofty, 'what folly is this? Drink, lad, drink! and I hurt thee not! I love thy gallant bearing, and my game is not such as thou!'

"He added this with a wavering manner which had never been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and, for a moment, he quailed between the fiery glances aimed at him from one whom he supposed weaker than the dove. But, ashamed of his momentary fear he added:

"'Come to me, poor child! Drink with thee thy goblet—bend at thy feet—quaff it as I said, and—thou art free.—I spare thy young head.'

"What was the astonishment of the company on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the tyrannous enemy of no relenting and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose, took the cup, slowly approached the seat of his insulter, knelt and raised the cup to his lips. Murmurs of 'shame, shame, poltroon, coward!' come hot and thick from the group of spectators who had risen in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed upon the object of the contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted, with a hoarse and drunken laugh—

"'Drink deep—down with it—to the dregs!'

"Arnold, however, only raised the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled; when every sound had ceased to a dead silence.

"'Never,' he said, 'shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honored—Gertrude, lastest of the fair! But, he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure, with a dignity that silenced every breath, 'for thee, thou drunken, brazen, foolish beast! I scorn—I spit upon—I defy thee! and thus be punished thy base, brutal insolence, and thy stupid presumption.'

"As he spoke he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz; and then, with all his strength, hurled the massy goblet itself at the same mark. The giant reeled and staggered a few paces back, and, amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and dripping tresses, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead.

"'Never before was popular feeling more suddenly and violently aroused. The object of their vast execrations flashed upon them with the immediate brightness of a superior being. A loud and irrepressible burst of applause broke from every lip, till the timbers and heavy rafters above their heads, and the very foundations of the floor, shook and trembled. But the peal of joy and approbation soon ceased; for although this inspiring drama had so nobly *been* enacted it was uncertain how it might terminate. Before the several voices, after the observation calls for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms, waiting the course of events.

"'Brave Arnold! Noble Arnold!' A gallant deed! The blood of a true gentleman in his veins!'

"'But, canst thou fight,' cried one.

"'I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil—not the sword.'

"'But thou canst use it a little—canst not?' asked another.

"'But indifferently,' answered the youth.

"'And how art thou with a pistol?' demanded a third.

"'My hand is unpractised,' replied Arnold. 'I have no skill in shedding human blood.'

"'Fore heaven! then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?'

"'Hatred of oppression,' replied the youth, 'in all its forms, and a willingness to die rather than submit to insult.'

"'Die then thou shalt! and that ere to-morrow's sun shall set!' thundered Mentz, starting up in a fury, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder as if at the howl of a dog or a demon. "I challenge thee to mortal combat.'

"'And I accept the challenge.'

"'It is for thee to name time, place and weapon; but, as thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience.'

"'I love thee not, base dog!' replied Arnold; 'but thou shall not die so inglorious a death. I will fight with thee, therefore, to-night.'

"'By heaven, boy!' cried Mentz, more and more surprised, 'thou art in haste to sup in hell!' and the ruffian lowered his voice. 'Art thou mad?'

"'Be that my chance,' answered Arnold; 'I shall not be likely to meet, even in hell, a companion so brutal as thou—unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company.'

"'To night then be it,' said Mentz; 'though tonight my hand is not steady; for wine and anger are no friends to the nerves.'

"'Doth thou refuse me, then?' demanded the youth with a sneer.

"'By the mass, no! but to-night is dark; the moon is down; the stars are clouded, and the wind goes by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it even now.'

"'Therefore,' said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptably agitated—'therefore will we lay down our lives here—in his hall—on this spot—on the instant—even as thou stand'st now.'

"'There is no one here who will be *my* friend,' said Mentz; so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred.

"'No matter,' cried Arnold; I will myself forego the same privileges.

"'And your weapons?' said Mentz.

"'Are here,' cried Arnold, drawing them from his bosom; 'a surer pair never drew blood. The choice is yours.'

"The company began now to fancy that Arnold had experienced a disheartening chill as a duellist; and from his unyielding composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter also partook of the opinion.

"'Young man,' he cried, in a voice clouded and low; but stopped and said no further.

"'Your choice?' said Arnold, presenting the pistols.

"Mentz seized one desperately, and said—

"'Now name your distance.'

"'Blood-thirsty wolf!' said Arnold, 'there shall be no distance!' He then turned and addressed the company.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and the brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life.—Her whom I loved I have sworn to forget: and if I existed a thousand years, should probably never see again. This ruffian is a coward, and learn to die I though he does not fear daily to meet his death. I have long heard of his horrors, and regard him as an assassin—the enemy of the human race and of God—a dangerous beast—whom it will be a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would well be rid of, but would not fling it away idly when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking cavern shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My countrymen, farewell: should any one of you hereafter chance to meet Gertrude de Saale, tell her I nobly flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant,' he said, in a fierce tone, turning suddenly towards Mentz, 'plant thy pistol to my bosom, as I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company cry three, and the third number be the signal to fire.'

With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and grimness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets. His lips were closed and firm; and his eye, on which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz. He then placed himself in an attitude of firing; Mentz, who had presented his pistol before he had breathed his exposed chest full before his foe; and with a grasp of fury and impatience waved the weapon. The brow beaten bully attempted to do the same; but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal.—His contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, cried calmly—

"'On your knees, base slave! dog! cur! or you die.'

"Unable any longer to keep his fire, the unnerved coward sunk on both knees, and prayed for life with right earnest vehemence, gain a shouts of applause and delight, and praise on his gallant stand had risen. As he rose from humbling posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot,—the crowd and hisses now began to mingle with universal mirth. Mentz covered his face with his hands and rushed from the room. He was consequently seen among us."

From Atkinson's Casket.

THOUGHTS.

"It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch."

HEMANS.

Alas! mortality!
To dust on things that cannot long last!
To love, and love as feelingly, when,
May all be snatch'd from us but our flowers;
When a few, lingering a,
Are, a few moments, of our best es,
May find us reft of all we treasured!

Who hath not found love
Over whom his heart hath yearn'd a trembling care?
Whose smile, whose look, whose enlighten tone,
Seemed not much to-dear, love-est more fair,
To him, than others w'
Whose very frailties, to his partial e
Had no more charms than others p?

Who hath not found hiach?
And happy deemed herself, till from heaven
Of momentary blessedness, the touch
Of vandal death, hath rudely wak'ned us,
And, like th' electric fi,
E'en, while its death-shriek ung'ed in ears,
Scarr'd to dust the cherish'd hopes wears!

We can love naught on th
And feel nonmagn'd with our fond dea,
The shuddering history of its mortal h:
Damn'ning, with its reality, the fire
Destructive from inspire.
We can love naught on earth but for lay!
Death can his seal on all things, or de!

Ambition's siren call,
Its burning restlessness—its towering sought—
And Fame, so tremblingly alive to al
The descents in the fluctuating not.
Of twice ten thousand tials—
Are things like these worth loving, wh we know
A night, may tear the laurels from our brow?

And yet, love hath no bod!
We love, though love might never joy part;
Love!—oh, the soul's whose energies an wound
Up in an feverish spell! would the her
Would rather break, the art
With the dear idol of its worshipped ea!
Love's letters so indissoluble are!

Yon modest, trembling, ir,
All blushing 'neath the ardent gaze of night,
Is it not beautiful!—more perfect, in
Than the most proud creation of m's might!
Yet, perishable light!
Why should we love thy glory, thou sublime?—
Art thou more indestructible than The?

And yon mysterious sl
With its blue depths, so infinite in, dim;
Mocking the gaze of the too curious ere
In proud presumptuous—O it woul scorn
Some wild, fantastic, dream,
That aught so vast, should not bountiless, too;
That such is not eternal—yet, how ne!

The trees, the fruits, the flowers;
The ambient air in which we breathe and live;
The glorious sunshine; and, the pleasant hours,
That Life, however sad, must sometimes give—
Their loss who would re gonest?
Yet one by one, with all of them, the cast,
Though it could live for centuries, must part!

There is but one thing, nan
Can love, and feel he hath not loved invain:
One place death has touch'd not, rather can;
O'er which, decay, can never hope a rega—
There comes no grief—n pain—
No hopes are blasted there—no heartsart given,—
That lovely thing is God—that place a Heaven!

SENEX.

CHAPTER

ON THE WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.

There is nothing which so much enlarges the mind and expands its view as the study of natural philosophy, which reveals to us the wonders of nature. It would almost seem, that the mind is elastic and capable of stretching, for there is no mind, which can at first take in those stupendous truths in philosophy, which be readily admits and believes in, when application has made him familiar with the true doctrines, so different from the received opinions of the ignorant. Where is the man of science, who has not seen the eyes of the ignorant glare with surprise and incredibility, when told of some of the wonderful operations of nature? When Galileo, the great astronomer, divulged to the world his theory of the sphericity of the earth, and its diurnal revolution, he was denounced by the Catholic church, and by the pope of Rome, consigned to the damp and desolate walls of a dungeon. He was condemned for asserting a fact, so contrary to the language of Scripture. Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, yet Galileo declared that the sun was fixed and that the earth only moved. Upon his theory, the seasons are accounted for, and all the phenomena attendant upon the earth. Galileo, however, only asserted it, and in doing so, braved the thunders of the Vatican. Happily for science, those days of more than Pagan superstition and ignorance are passed. The theories of science have never invalidated scripture, for that holy work was not intended as a work of science comprehended by the few, but as a plain chart, for all mankind, for the ignorant, as well as the learned, and therefore it speaks in a manner which may be comprehended by all. The greatest scholars speak of the sun's rising and setting, though they mean that the earth moves and not the sun. They speak relatively as we do, when speaking of the position, we say *up to Heaven* and *down to the earth*, yet really there is no such thing as *up* and *down*, for what we call up the Chinese people, who are situated opposite to us on the earth, would call *down*. They would hold their arm down, to point the same way that we would hold ours to point upwards.

Time is another relative, incomprehensible thing, which every one thinks of as a being of bone and sinew, yet no one can describe; a thing which all speak familiarly of, yet of which none have a definite idea. How have I seen the ignorant stare, when it was asserted as a philosophical fact, that there is no such thing as the elapse of time, and that yesterday and to-day are the same moment. Time is relative, for if we never think of it without associating the idea of the movement of clock wheels, the rising and the setting of the sun, the approach of light and darkness, growth and decay, or some other motion, action or idea. Yet the clock is productive of nothing but a graduated motion, it cannot produce a being or substance, neither can action bring into existence a being without a germ. Indeed we cannot place reliance on our senses, for the very rising and setting of the sun is an illusion, because the sun does not move in an orbit. From the rising to the setting, we call so many hours, and from one action to another so much time elapses, yet it is all the same moment as I shall prove. The duration of an hour is not fixed. An hour to a mind distressed, sometimes appears like a day, and who has not observed how swiftly a flies when engaged in study upon some interesting subject. In boyhood, when we are always looking forward to some period or action which we wish to arrive, how slowly time advances, but in manhood when the mind is taken up with business, how swiftly it passes away. Now if time were a definite object, its periods would always be and appear of the same length, but as we count time from one action or circumstance to another, if our minds are engaged we do not notice those actions or circumstances as they occur, time passes swiftly. This is the case in sleep, when a whole night appears like an hour. In death where we dream of no circumstances or actions, a million of years must appear as a moment to the awakened dead. While the light of the sun is travelling over fifteen degrees of the earth's surface, it may say one hour elapses. Now were a burning body it would evidently be hotter in winter than in summer for he is then three millions of miles nearer the earth than in summer. May not the forces produced by the atmospheric lens, be thrown off the earth's surface in consequence of the sun's obliquity in winter, and thus produce the intense cold of northern climes, as in Lapland, where the sun only rises a little above the horizon and appears to go round it, never passing over their heads. At the equator where the greatest heat is endured, the sun is twice a year perpendicular and the focus formed upon the surface of the earth. There is but one objection to this theory, and that is, that the atmosphere approaches the earth, and the focus would consequently be formed at the surface of the medium. In common glass lens the focus is never formed at the surface, but at a distance from the centre corresponding to the radius of the sphere described by its convexity. But glass lenses are never in the form of a semi-circle and the atmosphere being a little greater than a semi-circle, at the equator the focus would necessarily be formed within the lowest surface of the atmosphere and come very near the surface of the earth. I know of no other plausible method of accounting for the heat of the sun on the surface of the earth. All those accounts who have ascended in balloons, have declared the reign of winter in the upper air. The nearer we approach a fire the warmer our sensations become, which is not the case with the sun, which is a strong argument against the doctrine that it is a burning body. We cannot approach his majesty, or the subject ought be settled.

But what is heat, what is fire? We have never seen it, and cannot tell. Start not, gentle reader, for we actually have never seen fire, we have only seen its effects. The principle of fire is invisible. Wood when in a state of combustion and decomposition, is the effect produced by the active subtle principle, but not the principle itself, any more than a thought expressed, is the mind. In the flint and steel, and indeed in every substance in nature, it lies dormant until called into action by friction, and then it devours what it pleases so feed on. Where lies the difference between caloric and electricity? I am inclined to the opinion that there is an intimate relationship and yet in some respects, how unlike. The rapidity with which electricity travels is so great that though ten thousand men should receive the shock at the same moment there would be no perceptible elapse of time between the emotion of the first and last man. And Galvanism, how like electricity it seems in some respects, yet how different in others. It gives a shock like electricity though not so powerful, and it decomposes some of the salts which the other cannot do. I have seen experiments on the dead body with Galvanism, which produce effects horrible beyond conception. When the wire from a well charged Galvanic Battery has been applied, I have seen the lifeless dead body spring upon the table, throw open its glazed eyes, and wave its skeleton arm with awful majesty. This is one of its most wonderful effects. It was first discovered by a chemist called Galvani, whose wife came into his laboratory with the limbs of a frog which she was dressing for dinner. She happened to touch a part of the frog with a couple of bars of metal, and to her astonishment she saw it jump. Galvani made inquiries into the cause and after him Volta: turned his attention to it, which eventuated in the construction of the Galvanic or Voltaic Battery, which is composed of alternate plates of copper and zinc between which pieces of brown paper moistened with acid are placed.

Not less wonderful is magnetism, by the aid of which the mariner steers his barque over the unknown seas, the unvarying needle ever pointing to the pole. This power may be imparted into any piece of steel without the aid of the loadstone, simply by rubbing it upwards against a bar of iron or a pair of tongs, holding it erect. But I have approached the limits of my paper and must cease.

MILFORD BARD.

From the Lancaster, Ohio, Gazette.

THE FLAG OF COLUMBIA,
Or, "The Bit of Striped Bunting!"

Very respectfully Dedicated to the surviving Warriors of that glorious Band of Heroes.—who, chivalrously rallied around it while perilling their all in wrestling our beloved Country from the grasp of a Tyrant.

I.

Flag of my Country! I view with emotion
Thy stars and thy stripes so gloriously unfurl'd,
And think that they speak in their tumultuous motion,
This soft melting language address'd to the world!

II.

The Banner of Freedom!—how proud is its bearing!
The azure of the sky is so brightly displaying,
To tell to the nations,—for none all is daring,
Their trust and their cause on Jehovah are laying!

III.

And look on its STRIPES!—O, how sweetly appearing,
All mingling in beauty,—tho' nine'arms, UNITED,
To show that Columbia, in "UNION" endearing,
Is rising to glory by Heav'n invited!

IV.

Ah,—who can behold it—ah,—who that has feeling,
Can gaze on the charms that this banner is showing,
And not feel his bosom a transport revealing —
His pulse all so wildly with liberty glowing!

V.

Ah,—who that has seen it high waving in battle,
But felt that its accents,—tho' silently spoken,
Had promis'd success, 'mid the cannon's loud rattle,
And blister'd still sweetly,—BENEFICENT LIBERTY'S TOKEN!

VI.

Still!—still shall each freeman with rapture behold it,
And find in its language so deeply alluring,
(Should Fate o'er the red field of strife e'er unfold it,)
A pure hallow'd courage to death still enduring!

VII.

FLAG OF MY COUNTRY!—so famous in story,
I send up a pray'r, that thy beauties so cherish'd,
May proudly be floating to the triumph and glory,
THE FLAG OF THE WORLD,—WHEN TYRANNY HAS PERISH'D!

ORIGINALJAD.

A chapter from Dr. Bird's New Novel.

Impending death at Tezcuco, the young infidel did not doubt, in the simplicity of his heart, that he was adding a powerful engine of defence to his preparations, as well as requiring the obligation, which he believed, had been the principal cause of Juan's downfall. He reckoned confidently upon Juan's desire for vengeance, the absence of which feeling, after wrongs so stirring and manifold, his nature did not allow him to anticipate; and he dwelt also, with the security of pride, upon the incentive offered to the love of the daughter of Montezuma. In this spirit of confidence, without much regarding Juan's previous averments, he introduced him to this assembled forces, upon the day of coronation, that all might know him, and respect him thenceforth as one honored with the highest of titles—the king's brother. So far, all was well; the name of the young Eagle was not wholly unknown to the Mexican warriors: and the sight of his manly figure, arrayed in a native cloak, his head crowned with a lofty penache, put on by the king's hand, and the glittering axe of obsidian received from the same quarter, and grasped a moment with a military air, made an impression in his favour, that could only be obliterated by his own act of rejection. The spectacle was hailed with acclamations, and

For, and wide, the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peal'd o'er the hills and up the mountain vales.

Unfortunately, Juan, unwilling that any act should be interpreted as expressing his assent to take arms against his countrymen, immediately threw down the maxcatl, and would even have taken the plumes from his head, had he not been arrested by Techeechee, and made sensible that such a proceeding would be followed by the most fatal consequences. The movement, however, had been observed by many of the nobles: and from that moment, Juan saw that he was watched by zealous and hostile eyes. His explicit and absolute refusal to take part in the conflicts, had convinced the young king of his error; yet, though greatly exasperated, he took such measures, from motives of honor or humanity, as protected the obdurate Christian from the daily increasing anger of his people. He confined him in the palace, and forbade even the ardent Zelahualla to go near him. In this he was actuated by suspicions, constantly inflamed by the Lord of Death, and not unnatural in themselves, that the young man had abused his credulity in the case of Magdalena. The love of the Indian maid, however, penetrated through guards and prison doors; and Juan, almost as impatient of confinement and suspense as Magdalena herself, resolved to effect his escape, and by throwing himself upon the mercy of the Captain-General, make one effort to liberate his unhappy sister. The attempt was discovered and thwarted; and from that moment his confinement had been very rigid.

Still, however, the young infidel was wont frequently to visit him, after the combat of the day, in the hope of overcoming his scruples, or of gathering from his accidental expressions some hints that might be turned to advantage against the besieged. On all such occasions, he refused to satisfy the prisoner's questions concerning his sister and the princess; giving him plainly to understand that nothing but the assumption of the pagan battle-axe, or positive conceits in his arrant, which he did not attempt to conceal, could purchase a sight of either. In all these things, if the infidel acted with more crafty selfishness than generosity, he only proved that he belonged to his race.—The whole conduct of Juan was, according to his scale of morals and honour, both unfriendly and unaccountable. He designed, this very night, to visit the prisoner, of which intention Juan was apprised; and hence his eagerness to dismiss the maidens from the chamber, before the conclusion of the attack upon the neighbouring dike, with the nature and objects of which he was well acquainted.

Before the maidens had departed, it was evident that the firing and other noises on the causeway were subsiding. Before they had been gone the full space of an hour; a heavy step rang in the passage, and the next moment the Indian monarch stood before the captive. He was singularly and sumptuously armed. From head to foot, his body was covered with a garment, perhaps of escatpil, fitting so tightly as to display his limbs to advantage; and over all was a coat of mail, consisting of copper spangles or scales, richly gilded, and stitched upon a shirt of dressed leather. His head was defended by a morion of the same metal, shaped not unlike to those of the Spaniards' and equally strong; and its ability to resist a violent blow was increased by the folds of a stout serpent, painted green, wreathing over its whole surface. A shield of tapanlan, studded with copper nails, hung from his neck; and he bore a macana, which was stained with blood. He wore none of the emblems of royalty, and his appearance was only that of some highly distinguished noble. His eye was bright and fiery, his step firm and proud, but his aspect was thin and haggard.

"Has my brother heard the shouts of men near him, and does he yet say, 'Let me sleep!'" were the words with which he saluted the captive.

"Prince," said Juan, eyeing him anxiously and interrogatively, though speaking with positive emphasis, "as I told you before, so has it happened. The cannon were ready on the dike, the falconets were charged in the ships, and the men of Sandoval slept with swords and matches in their hands, and with their eyes open. Guatimozin does not come back a victor."

"He comes back with a prisoner," said the prince, proudly: "and, to-morrow, the lord with red hair (Sandoval) will count the dead and weep, and Malinche shall see the flames of sacrifice rising from the pyramid."

"Alas!" exclaimed Juan, "in condemning captives to this horrible death, against your will, for

communication.

QUACKERY AGAIN!

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

THOMSONIAN CURES.

The grave and unfounded charges of certain Physicians, that have appeared in your columns against me and the Thomsonian system, have led those, who applied to me for the Thomsonian remedies as their last resort, and have been cured, to forward to me their certificates for publication. That the public may be disabused and correctly informed, I annex a few others.

F. PLUMMER.

Mr. Eastop:—I have read several Certificates concerning the *Thomsonian Practice*. I beg leave to add my name to its favour, as I conceive it a duty I owe for the benefit I have received.

For many months, I was afflicted with the most acute pains, so that I was unable to use my arms or legs, and unable to attend to any business. I was attended at different times by several respectable Physicians, without any benefit. I was advised by a friend, to try the "Thomsonian Method"—he kindly sent me to a Physician Dr. F. Plummer; under the treatment he administered for one week, I was cured of all pain which for months had made my existence distressing. To the "Thomsonian Doctor" I shall ever feel grateful. I am now free from pain and enjoy good health. Yours with respect,

HENRY KREIDER.

Woodland Tavern.

Buckley Township, Derby Road.

To Dr. Frederick Plummer.

Respected Friend,—Perceiving in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post an anonymous piece, which I believe would have a very pernicious tendency in falsely influencing the mind of the public against what, in my appreciation was designed as a blessing for them; it needeth much as a cure them of their diseases and renders them more comfortable; hence I the Faculty have given over and pronounced incurable. Of which, abundant testimony can be given to prove the facts.

Wishing the Thomsonian cause good success, I subjoin the following as a testimony of the benefit which I have received from those medicines, which I wish to have published.

In the winter of 1828, I caught a violent cold, which settled on my breast and lungs, producing a cough with considerable raising of phlegm. But not being apprehensive that any thing serious would result from it, I let it run on that winter and next summer without doing much for it. The following winter I caught more cold and grew considerable worse. I was then recommended laudanum, antimonial wine, and sweet spirits of nitre; which I took, but grew worse rather than better. My cough increased, and the spring following I threw up a great quantity of blood.

I then applied to an eminent physician of this city, who ordered me bled, and some other things, which were done: but I still became worse. I was then recommended to try the Thomsonian remedies; but being ignorant of them myself, and hearing such horrible accounts of the Thomsonian poisonings and steaming folks to death, I for I afraid to try them. But still grew so weaker and more miserable every day, I was at last induced to try those remedies of some friends, inclined to try those remedies. I took several courses that summer, which rendered me so much better that I grew careless about myself, and declared the medicines before the disease was eradicated: the consequence was, I relapsed into my former state, and grew worse than ever, until last winter, when I became so bad that I was convinced, unless I got something to relieve me, I could not live many weeks. I coughed almost incessantly, and raised a great deal: had a continual pain in my side, breast, and between my shoulders: and could not lie down only in one position except with the greatest agony: my breathing was very short, had severe night sweats, and my pulse was one hundred and fifty: the least exertion, such as walking across the room, would so overcome me, that I was obliged to sit down, to enable me to catch my breath and keep from rambling: in this state I was conveyed to Dr. Plummer's Infirmary. And I had little or no hopes myself of ever being much better.

But my confidence in the Thomsonian remedies was such, that I felt induced to give them a fair trial. I stayed at the Infirmary eight weeks, and took two regular courses every week during that time. At the expiration of which I felt so much better, that I travelled 40 miles into the country, on one of the coldest blustering days we had last winter, without experiencing any inconvenience, or taking any harm. I then followed on the treatment that I received at Dr. Plummer's under the superintendence of my brother, who has a Thomsonian right, until all my pains left me, and my cough subsided. I eat my food with a good appetite, lie down in the evening and sleep soundly till morning: and then am able to go into the harvest field and work till night. Such are the effects that the Thomsonian medicines have produced upon me. I now enjoy very good health. These are facts which I know can be proved by those who doubt, can satisfy themselves of the truth of my assertions, by calling back of No. 13 north 7th street, Philadelphia.

Very respectfully,

7thmo. 14th, 1835. ISAAC COATES.

A Narrative of Miss Elizabeth Long.

Mr. Eastop:—The very extraordinary narrative of Miss Elizabeth S. Long who was cured in my Infirmary, was written by herself, and published without alteration. If any doubt her story, they can call and see her at her father's, No. 27 Blackberry alley, or at Dr. Plummer's Infirmary, corner of Vernon and Shippen streets, and satisfy themselves. There are many living witnesses of her wonderful case and cure.

Philadelphia City, July 2d, 1835.

The following narrative is the one alluded to in the communication of Dr. Plummer, in your paper of the 9th ult.

"I was taken ill in the spring of 1832, and after suffering some time, I applied to one of the most respectable Physicians of our City, who, after attending me a few weeks, pronounced my disease dropsical, and treated it as such for some months. Finding, however, the treatment of no benefit, he consulted with a brother in the profession, who pronounced my case an extraordinary one; and were inclined to make a personal examination of it, but would take time, patience, and perseverance on the part of me and my physician, who, after attending me some time without any success, consulted another, who agreed with him in pronouncing it dropsy. After treating it as such for some time, they abandoned that idea and consulted another, who with them agreed that it was a disease of the spine, that it was necessary that I should be cupped frequently, and blistered or issues kept running constantly on my back, which was done for some time, when the attending physician said that he could do no more, and left me, which was in the winter of 1833, after pronouncing my case a hopeless one. I was then treated by a person with herbs, and advised to take the Mexican pills, which I did until the spring, when I grew so much worse, that I again applied to my first physician. After attending me some months with no benefit to my health, he called in another of the faculty, who with him agreed in pronouncing the disease palpitation of the heart. After being treated for that disease in the ordinary way for some time without receiving any benefit, I was again given up as hopeless, and advised to go to the country, which I did, and was visited by two physicians there, who gave me no encouragement. After remaining there one month I returned to the city worse than I left, and again applied to my first physician—who after attending me for a time told me he was at a loss to know what my complaint was, and would like to consult with one more experienced, which was done. The physician with whom he consulted being one of the most eminent in the city, after visiting me said that he had been many years in the practice of medicine, and read of many extraordinary cases, but that he had not either seen or read of one like mine; that it was not in his power to say what it was, or to give me any encouragement. I was then confined to my bed upwards of three months, and was visited by four physicians, who, with him, agreed that I had a complication of diseases, but that the seat of them was in the spine; they being sympathetic, that I must be kept constantly on my back, and on the lowest diet; that it was necessary that I should be burnt with vitriol from one end of the spine to the other, which was done for some time. Under this treatment (together with frequent cupping or bleeding) I became worse, and was again given up as incurable, which was in the fall of '33, after which time I did not have any one to attend me for some weeks, but followed the mode of treatment that I had been accustomed to, being bled every two or three weeks, not being able to do without it until in November when I was seized with a spasm which so alarmed my friends that they called in another physician, who treated my disease as dropsical. After treating it as much for some time, and I growing worse by the treatment, he abandoned the idea and treated it sometimes for one thing, then for another, until I became entirely helpless. He then pronounced it a disease of the spine, and blistered, cupped, and leached my back and head for sometime without any charge for the latter. He then left me, and another of the profession attended, who did little but follow the old plan of bleeding (which I could not do without excepting against it) until my back for a part of my head, and pat attended me long when he pronounced my case a hopeless one and left me. After this the other one attended me much on the former plan. I had my head shaved, blistered, cupped, leached, and the arteries opened several times without relief. I then had my back made sore with Tartar-emetic from my neck down without any relief.

I was treated in the manner until in the summer of '34, when he said that he could do no more, that I might take Swaim's Panacea, which I did. But it being of no benefit, and I growing worse, he advised me to be taken to the salt water, thinking that it might be of some use. In this helpless condition I was carried on board the steamboat on a settee, and charged from one boat to the other until I arrived speechless and almost lifeless. I was then visited by one of the nearest physicians, who was astonished that I had not died on the road, and that I never more than one in a low, that there could be nothing done for me but to bleed me, which I could not do without more than one week. I then applied to another who thought the same, and said that I had better be brought home, for it was his opinion that I could not reach it alive. I was then brought back in the same way that I was taken, and again visited by the physician who advised me to go, who ordered more to be cupped on the back, which was done but for the time. He then advised me to take Swaim's medicine, and did not visit me any more. I then commenced taking it the second time, and continued so to do without any good effect until in Autumn, 1834, when I heard of the Thomsonian system, I then inquired of the gentleman who was in the habit of bleeding me, if he knew any thing about that system, and what his opinion was on the subject. He said that he could not hurt me, that it might be of benefit, that in the short space I was under his care I could not live, and that the plan I was then under the necessity of pursuing was a genteel way of killing me. I then consulted my friends on the subject, who thought I had better see what was the opinion of my physician first. I then inquired of my last attending physician what his opinion was upon that system. He said that the steam might be of some benefit, provided I would not take any of the heating medicine, which would be an injury to me. My friends, however, were not satisfied, but still opposed my applying, until I should have the advice of another physician. I then consulted with the first that attended me, who gave it as his opinion that it would kill me. I then said that the other physician was not of that opinion, and wanted him to tell me what it was. He then said that I should have let him known that I had the opinion of one physician and wanted his; to which I replied that it was his part to tell me. He then said that I had it carefully and conscientiously, and appointed a time to meet the other physician in consultation. After consultation one gave it as his opinion that it would kill me, the other that it would do me no good, and advised me to undergo a severe operation on my back, saying, there was not a doubt but the pain was wasting: to which I would not consent, feeling self convinced, that I should not be able to live through it in the situation that I was then in, being more helpless than an infant. Discouraged by friends and opposed by physicians, I applied to Doctor F. Plummer's Thomsonian Infirmary, and was visited by a practitioner, and a person not had been cured of dilatation of the heart, after having can given up by his physicians, which gave me some encouragement, being the first that I had had. I was then visited by Dr. F. himself, who pronounced my case a very doubtful one, and said that he should be loth to undertake it, as all probability I could not live, and if I commenced using the medicine, that every one that was opposed to the system would say that he killed me. Feeling anxious to try the medicine, and knowing that it could not do me any harm, for I knew that I could not live any length of time, and if I did take it and it should not be of any benefit, of I should die, that it was nothing worse than I, and all that know me might expect.

I had long since given up all idea of ever being relieved of my sufferings, which were great, until I should be relieved by that messenger with whom we all shall have to become familiar, knowing as I did that I was as low as it was possible for any one to be and live, and suffering as I did with the most severe pain in my side, back, and head, and my stomach in an unusual state, that I immediately threw up a thing I am that was cooked, and was obliged to live altogether on uncooked food. I had but the use of my limbs from my loins, owing, as my physician said, to the spine being eaten, and my feet were entirely devoid of feeling, being dead as marble, and not unlike it in appearance, my veins being so contracted and the circulation so very limited, that the blood that was made in one week, I was obliged to have drawn from my arm every Saturday, or I should have died with suffocation.—In this very delicate situation, after weighing the subject well, and consulting my numerous circle of acquaintance, and from very few meeting with any encouragement, I expressed a wish to try the system, but the consternation he what it might, and consequences taking the ascendant on the 31st of October, 1834. The first of November being the first that the medicine had been of for successful, that I was able to do without, since which time I have never felt the need of either the lancet, cupping glasses, leeches, blisters or issues, nor do I ever expect to as long as the medicine is within my reach: and I now have reason to rejoice that I ever tried the system, not only for my own benefit, but also that of the cause as I feel that my case will speak volumes in its favour, being one that was so generally known; it is for this sad this above that I have had it before the public. I had not been taking it long when to my astonishment, and the astonishment of all that knew me or had seen me, there was a change for the better. In two weeks I could eat any kind of wholesome food with less inconvenience than I had for more than two years, and in three weeks was able to sit up half an hour at a time. I mended with such rapidity that on the 25th of December, I walked alone in the presence of a number of my friends, who expressed their astonishment at seeing so great a miracle, from being there who were present when my physician and that it was an impossibility for me ever to walk again, or even to stand on my feet. On the 1st of January I rode to Gray's Ferry and back, accompanied by two gentlemen and Dr. Plummer, to whom I shall ever feel grateful for the attention and interest he has manifested towards me as a patient. I still continued to amend, and at present enjoy a comfortable degree of health. I have taken this step with the feelings far from any thing but friendship towards the physicians that first attended me, who I am well satisfied, did all that was in their power or skill for my relief, for which I shall ever feel they have a place in my estimation. Considering this system in every respect preferable to the popular one, knowing as I do the benefit that I have derived from it, I feel it my duty to recommend it to others, and to advocate a cause so dear to me, in a time of oppression, and bitter persecution. I have not only felt its beneficial effects myself, but have seen them in others, even upon those that we have sounded in our ears from every quarter as having fallen victims to it. I have seen a on the young lady, whose death has caused the present great excitement in our city, who, some affirm fell a victim to this system, even after they themselves had pronounced her case an incurable chronic disease of the spine. We were both patients at the same infirmary.

ELIZABETH S. LONG.

Saturday Evening Post.

AUGUST 8, 1835.

☞ Our distant correspondents are informed that their unpaid favours in any quantity, in deed in the post office awaiting their further orders.

☞ The attention of Web to be Subscribers for the Saturday Evening Post, and to Cashiers, who promise payment "at the end of the year," are laid on the *shelf*, as inadmissible.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"African Character—No. 3"—is received, and will shortly be placed in the hands of the compositor.

The Milford Bard is welcome. His favor will receive early attention.

We have received a number of articles on the subject of Thompsonian practice, but find it impossible to give them all a place. In this paper the reader will find a statement from Mr. Plummer, but hereafter the space devoted to such matters, whether for or against the system, must be more limited.

The communication from our aged correspondent at Bowling Green, Ky. will be prepared for publication as soon as we can find leisure. We hope to hear from the same quarter again.

S. C. J. labours under a mistake in relation to the subject he has noticed. His communication remains in our hands subject to his order.

"Woman," by J. and "Morning," by C. G. will be published.

"The Fire Fly," by Cynthia; "Acrostic," by Mc. Donald; "To L. M." by Orion, and "To W. W." by Ivoe, are rejected, as deficient in merit.

Other communications will be noticed next week.

The exhibition of the Grand Hydro Oxygen Microscope, at the Philadelphia Museum, will positively close on Saturday evening. A number of new and interesting objects will be presented every evening until that time.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. H. Hastings Weld, one of the editors of the New England Galaxy, is about to publish, in one volume, a selection from his miscellaneous writings, embracing tales, sketches and essays. It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and will be afforded to subscribers at one dollar per copy. Mr. Weld is an entertaining writer, and we have no doubt the proposed volume will be popular with the reading community.

Dacre—a novel.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard. This work is from the pen of the Countess of Morley, and possesses many of the requisites for a popular novel. The story is a very pleasant one, and involves considerable variety. It ends, of course, in the most approved manner, to the entire satisfaction of the reader as well as to the parties concerned. For a leisure hour, Dacre will afford a very agreeable recreation.

The Monthly.—Cooper's last novel, *The Monikins*, has generally been condemned by the press, as a decided failure. The Baltimore American, we believe, is the only paper which speaks favorably of the work, and in reference to the circumstance the editor remarks—"We are concerned to find ourselves standing thus alone,—not on account of any misgivings or mortification arising out of this insulation among our contemporary critics; but because we think it is to be regretted that the American press should exhibit such want of sympathy for one who, if there be such a thing as American Literature, has a reputation which Americans are interested to guard. A bad book is not, however, to be defended. Say then that it is a bad one; but say it of one by the author of the 'Spy,' in a spirit of kindness and regret, and not of hostility and triumph. For a dozen years has Mr. Cooper been the object of admiration and a source of pride to the American nation. Has the man who has engendered such feelings in his countrymen, by the production of works which are in all respects so American as to have contributed not a little to nourish and strengthen national sentiment, has he no claim to indulgence, to forbearance, to lenity? The most disappointed reader will nevertheless recognize in the 'Monikins' the author of the 'Red Rover' and 'The last of Mohicans'—but from some of the notices we have seen of the former work, one might infer that it had been supposed to be written by Capt. Hall or Mr. Hamilton."

Geography of Pennsylvania.—This is a work in 12mo. 264 pp. designed for the use of schools, by Rebecca Eaton, and addressed to her pupils. It is divided into chapters, and treats of the boundaries, mountains, rivers, geology, climate, internal improvements, revenue, commerce and manufactures, education, penitentiary system, &c. of the state, in a plain and familiar manner, adapted to the comprehension of young readers. Attached to each chapter are questions, designed to test the memory of the pupil. A particular description of each county is given, embracing many facts of importance to every citizen.

The design of the work is excellent, and it has been carried out in a manner highly creditable to the industry and talents of the authoress. It ought to prove a popular school book.

The work is from the press of Messrs. Key & Biddle.

The Knickerbocker of August has appeared. It contains a number of very good articles, among which we may name, Reminiscences of Ballston and Saratoga Springs, Love versus Learning, My Tablets, and Ollapodiana, number four. The writer of the latter article, never fails to exhibit much point and humor, blended with pure sentiment and fine writing. The reputation of the Knickerbocker seems to be permanently established.

Four Years in Great Britain.—The Harpers have just published, in two volumes, "Four Years in Great Britain—1831—35—by Calvin Colton," a work which, we are disposed to believe, will prove a valuable addition to the literature of the day. Mr. Colton is a Chaplain in the Navy of the United States, and his writings give evidence of an observant spirit and acute reasoning powers. The dramatic and descriptive portions of his work are highly interesting, and embrace a large amount of valuable information, as well as many details of local occurrences and associations, of an entertaining character. We feel no hesitation in commending this work to the attention of our readers.

We append a short extract, and may refer to the volumes again.

"The names of inns in England are sometimes very amusing. For example: *Swan with Two Necks. Bull and Mouth*, one of the largest in London, opposite the General Post-Office. There has been a great deal of learned commentary exhausted, without avail, to settle the origin of this name. The sign is a most frightful monster, as of a non-descript monster, and a bull of a somewhat natural shape. At Birmingham you have the *Hen and Chickens*, a first rate hotel, where, it is reasonably presumed, may be had a bit of veal and eggs. What connection a *Pig and Whistle* may have had with each other to entitle to the use of this name for an inn, history doth not aver. The Old *Red Heifer* is no otherwise monstrous than being a little quadrupedal. *Crab and Lobster* are at least homogeneous, and promise a good dinner to those who are fond of fish. A *Bag of Nails* is not particularly sublime, an account of its tendency to descend by the force of gravitation. A *Dog and Diamond* was doubtless intended to show the connection between agriculture and commerce. *Bolt-in-Tun* has baffled all attempts to expound: and editions, who, in the course of time, have existed from or lighted down at that sign in Fleet-street, London, have probably been puzzled with this question. *Labour in Vain* is inviting enough on the face of it, and many a poor man has felt what it is; but the meaning in such a case is not so obvious. *Three Pigeons* may sound agreeably in the sportsmen of England, who are sufficiently happy if they can start one from a cover. *Four Alls* is an probably first set up by a cobbler, who wished to preserve in memory the tools by which he had procured a capital to rise in the world. *A Pickled Egg* is a rarity. A *Hog in the Pound* is very fit, if less could here let go by the owner to injure a neighbour's garden: but a *Hog in Armour* is by no means an ordinary sight, and would be likely to attract crowds. The *Bear and Ragged Staff* might perhaps be approved, since a pattern more civilized has been set up in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The origin of *Cock and Bottle* must doubtless remain a subject of deep study; but the *Cat and Bee* belongs to the present generation, and points directly to Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand; or, perhaps, Day & Martin would assert a claim to the honour of such notoriety. In the advertising columns of the London journals and periodicals, may always be seen a cat blacking, or a cock fighting, at his own shadow, or some other invention of the kind, as reflected from a boot polished by Warren's blacking.

Besides employing men to paint "Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand," in letters from six to eighteen inches long on the back walls along the public roads in approaching London, so that the passenger on a hardly ever get out of the sight, as he goes into or out of the metropolis, even for many miles distance, Warren employs, unintrusively, nearly every paper on I periodical of London, and extensively over the empire, with various other modes, to exhibit his name and mind; and also a poet, of the clever capabilities, who does nothing else (except such exercises as may improve his faculty), but to vary his metre and modes of illustration, in singing the praises of *Warren's Blacking*. It may be seen on the walls all over the kingdom; and a traveller narrates, that the first thing that attracted his attention when he entered Rome, as when one enters London, was the same inscription, displayed in the usual style on the walls—"*Warren's Blacking*, 30 *Strand*." It did not add, "*London*"—for that was unnecessary as for Napoleon to hail from the "Tuileries, Paris." Warren has a retired and not very extravagant mansion at Herndon, 10 miles from London; keeps his carriage; goes in it to London in the morning, puts on his apron, and works all day in his shop; and returns in his carriage in the evening. I have seen it stated, that £150,000, or $1,200,000, are annually expended in London, for advertising the single article of *blacking*.

The celebrated empiric, Dr. Morrison, pays to Government upwards of £7,000 ($35,000) a years, in the way of a tax of *three halfpence* on each pill-box. His boxes are of two sizes: one retails at a *shilling*, and the other at *sixpence*. Suppose he sells an equal number of both, which would make the average per box eightpence; allow for tax, materials, and making of the pills, and discount to the trade fourpence, the net profit to himself would then be £37, 666, or $180,796, annually! The professional practice of Mr. Brodie, Saville-street, sergeant surgeon to the king, has been stated to me, by credible authority, to be worth £15,000, or $42, 000, a year. In reputation as a surgeon, Mr. Brodie is second only to Sir Astley Cooper. How much more profitable is empiricism than science and art! and some of the greatest fortunes made in Europe have been in the manufacture of boot blacking. What a quantity must be sold in London, to afford an advertising bill of £250 000 annually.

Sir John Long's empirical secret was left sealed by him, price £10,000; not being opened before he night. It has been taken on the terms of his will—a pig in the poke.

It has been ascertained, that the careless and imperfect mixing of the ingredients of Morrison's pills often leaves the powerful agents in one part of the mass, before it is made into pills, which kills those who happen to have a box of that portion—while the rest may be swallowed with as much impunity as so many bits of dough from the kneading-trough.

An unprecedented match against time, for $400, was decided on Jerck's Course, on Friday afternoon, Mr. E. Jones, of the Providence Hotel, agreed to go in harness with his horse, Black Joke, 50 miles in 4 hours. He started at 19 minutes before 5 o'clock, and completed the distance in 3 hours and 57 minutes, as follows:

First 12 miles,		1 hour
Next 12	"	1 hour
Next 13	"	1 hour
Last 13	"	57 min.
50 miles,		3 hours 57 min.

Black Joke is 7 years old, and had not been trained, the match having been made the morning of the day of performance. Mr. Jones, his rider, weighs 175 pounds, and by his wonderful skill and the bottom of the horse, completed the distance in the unprecedented time above mentioned, under the disadvantages the last hour, of the darkness of night, and a heavy fall of rain.—*Providence Journal.*

Horrid Occurrence.—On Wednesday week, a young child, between two and three years of age, daughter of a Mr. Gillingham, living in the north west part of the city, was missed from her home, and a search of some hours for her was unsuccessful. The distressed parents renewed their inquiries, and besought some of the neighbors to assist them. The child was traced to a house near by, where she was last seen. A girl, aged about eleven years, belonging to the family, was perceived to be agitated, and suspicions were awakened against her. At last she called a little boy, who was present, aside, and confessed to him that *she had murdered the little child!* This horrid act was accomplished by tying a rope around her body, and dropping her into a vault in the yard. The only excuse she offered was, that the child had cried! She denied that she intended to kill her. The whole act and motive would seem to have been most extraordinary. Witnesses were examined in the case before the Recorder of the city, the members of each family being present. The agony of the parents of both children is said to have been extreme. Two so untimed a lovely and promising daughter; the others, a child capable of such precocious wickedness as to make us shudder at the depravity of human nature.—*Phil. Inq.*

THE TOMATO.

Dr. Bennett, Professor of the Diseases of Women and Children, in one of the Medical Colleges of the West, in the course of a lecture recently delivered in that Institution, made the following statement in relation to the Tomato, or Jerusalem Apple, to be found in our markets in such great abundance at this season of the year:—

1st. That it (the Tomato) is one of the most powerful deobstruents of the Materia Medica, and that in all those affections of the liver, and other organs, where Calomel is indicated, it is probably the most effective, and least harmful remedial agent known to the profession.

2d. That a chemical extract will probably soon be obtained from it which will altogether supersede the use of Calomel in the cure of disease.

3d. That he has successfully treated serious diarrhœa with this article alone.

4th. That when used as an article of diet, it is almost a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia, or indigestion.

5th. That persons removing from the East, or North, to the West or South, should by all means make use of it as an aliment, as it would, in that event, save them from the danger attendant upon those violent bilious attacks to which almost all unacclimated persons are liable.

6th. That the citizens in general should make use of it, either raw, cooked, or in form of a catsup, with their daily food as it is the most healthy article of the Materia Alimentaria, &c. &c.

From the Memphis Gazette.

Shameful Village again.—A poor fellow a few days ago, floating down the Mississippi with his all, to wit: a flat boat loaded with bacon and flour, was hailed by the band of scoundrels, located at the above village, whose deeds of crime are practised on those unsuspecting laboring men so frequently. He went to—they proposed a purchase of his cargo—he effected a sale of the contents of his boat to three of those black hearted scoundrels, for 515 dollars, and gave in exchange forty-five dollars genuine money.—This was done in the evening, he called his boat and went to bed at night—next morning he found himself and boat floating. He had nearly reached this place. He now finds his bacon and forty-five dollars gone, and has in lieu of it 560 dollars, base counterfeit. This same band not long since induced a flat boat of Tobacco to land and remain all night. They bored holes in the bottom and sunk her—they then bought the tobacco under the hammer, for something under 1000 dollars, whose value was perhaps 5000. These and such like deeds of crime are perpetrated on every boat that they can wriegle to their shore.

Adhesiveness in a Lobster.—A lobster is by no means a sentimental-looking animal; it is one of the last creatures with which we are familiar, that we should suppose would exhibit unequivocal marks of tenderness or attachment to others of the same species. But from the following anecdote in the last number of the Scientific Tracts, it appears that this monarch of the crustaceous tribe, sometimes evinces feelings of a kind and friendly nature; more so, than would be imagined from his uncouth and unsocial appearance.

Within a few days, in the course of conversation with a lobster catcher in Boston harbor, of whom we gathered some very good ideas in relation to the habits of aquatic beings, the conversation happened to turn upon the singular structure and selfishness of lobsters. He remarked that when one of them shed its shell, it was generally watched by one that had on a coat of mail, which manifested immediate concern on the approach of danger. When attempting a short time since to draw a lobster from between the rocks, perfectly soft and helpless on account of having recently parted with its shell, a stout old fellow darted at the stick with his shears, very like, to his no small annoyance as well as amusement. He swam round the body of his prostrated charge, eying with solicitude every motion of the foe, and manifested to the last moment of the capture of both, a degree of affection that would be commendable in human society.

LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

We publish below, extract from the Richmond Enquirer, the deposition of Dr. Parrish, respecting the last moments of Randolph of Roanoke, given at the last investigation in Richmond. The Inquirer of that city introduces it as he confers with the following high, but well exalted praise:

"We have scarcely ever seen a more thrilling description of the last moments of any distinguished man. With all his great virtues, all his infirmities of temper, and all his failings, John Randolph, of Roanoke, was certainly one of the most remarkable men of the age. He was unique—The greatest Orator who has appeared since the death of Patrick Henry—and one of the most brilliant politicians of the age—and yet occasionally subject to the most singular behaviour. He like seems almost to be destitute of identity. He appears at different epochs as if he had been possessed by two characters melted into one person. During the investigation of his Will, there was nothing too sacred, or too sacred, to be withheld.—Things called there been put upon public record, which ought never to have been exhibited to the public eye. He was sometimes the victim of insanity; yet when we came to review his actions, to read his letters, and to collect his conversations, where shall we find finer specimens of taste, more brilliant passages of eloquence, and more instinctive sagacity of political reflections? Well might Dr. Parrish say, that after all his eccentricity, he "had never met with a character so purely original and unique." Well might he have said of himself, that he was his own ideosyncracy."

"*Joseph Parrish*, of the city of Philadelphia, Doctor of Medicine, aged sixty-five years or thereabouts, being produced, affirm and examined on behalf of William Meade, named in the annexed commission, deposeth as follows: That being legally required to make a deposition relative to John Randolph, of Roanoke, I hereby state my recollections of such incidents as I consider calculated to show the state of the mind, during the period of my medical attendance.

"John Randolph died under my medical care on the morning of the fifth month, (May) twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, at one quarter before twelve o'clock. He breathed his last in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41, North Third street. I was present at his departure, closed his eyes and placed his limbs in a decent position. I was called to visit him on the seventh of said month by Edmund Badger, one of the proprietors of the City Hotel. It was a stormy night—the patient had arrived that afternoon in the steamboat from Baltimore. He was bound for Europe, and had been disappointed in getting on board the packet. He soon informed me he was acquainted with me by character—"I know you through Giles" alluding, I presume, to William B. Giles, late Governor of Virginia, respecting whose case I was repeatedly consulted. The patient appeared much disturbed, on account of some difficulties he had encountered after leaving the Steam Boat. It was evident he was extremely ill: his debility was such, that it was with great difficulty he could expectorate, which caused much distress in respiration. He appeared fully aware of his danger,—told me he had attended several courses of lectures on Anatomy;—described his symptoms with medical accuracy, declaring he must die: he could not discharge the purulent matter. On enquiring how long he had been sick, he replied, "Don't ask me that question; I have been sick all my life! He soon told, however, that he had been affected for three years with his present disease, which had been greatly aggravated by his voyage to Russia—"this fed killed him." On feeling his pulse, he said, "You can form no judgment from my pulse, it is so peculiar! I soon perceived, that to manage the case he became would be like steering between Scylla and Charybdis, and concluded to proceed by cautious sounding, rather than advance under full sail.

"I told him he had been so long an invalid he must have acquired a accurate knowledge of the general course of practice adapted to his case. He replied, "Certainly, at least a tool or a physician, you know." I remarked that were circumstances in many constitutions, and wished to ascertain what was peculiar about him. He said, I have been an idiosyncracy all my life. This appeared truly a most true and correct view of the subject, although the parent did not consider it necessary to give a concurring reply. He informed me that all the preparations of camphor invariably injured him, and as to other, "it would blow me up." Not even opium and its preparations; for I soon discovered he was accustomed to the free use of this drug in some form or other. On one occasion he told me that he either did or could (I am not clear as to the words *did* or *could*) take opium like a Turk; but I certainly received from him the impression, that he was in the habitual use of opium in some shape or other. His conversation was curiously diversified, and he complained with no small asperity of the difficulties he encountered after leaving the Steam Boat.—He was put into a wretched hack—the glass of the carriage was broken—he had been obliged to go from the Hotel to another in search of lodgings, exposed to the pelting of the storm,—and every thing was in a state of discomfort. He soon introduced the subject of the Quakers, complimenting us in his peculiar manner for neatness, economy, order, comfort in every thing, right in every thing, except politics "there, always wrong." *Before I retired*, he repeated a portion of the litany of the Episcopal Church, with apparent fervour.

"The following morning he sent for me early; I was called from bed. He apologized handsomely for disturbing me, and from this period we appeared mutually to enter into our new acquaintance in the capacity of patient and physician. After considerable experience in sick chambers and at deathbeds, I may say, I never met with a character so perfectly original and unique. He might sometimes be compared to a spoiled and fractious child; but a little observation convinced me, that in the midst of his extreme constitutional irritability, petulance, impatience and sarcasm, there were some noble traits of character. Among these was a keen sense of propriety. And when this was gently appealed to, there was a disposition to be convinced and acknowledge indiscretions. On more than one occasion, it seemed proper for the patient to understand, that while his physician felt every disposition to treat him with kindness and respect, he was not insensible to what was due to himself. On one occasion, I proposed something for his relief, he petulantly and positively refused compliance. I paused, and addressed a few words to him. His good sense predominated; he apologized, and was as submissive as an infant. One evening I proposed a medical consultation, leaving the choice to himself. With an assurance of entire confidence in the medical attendant, he promptly objected to the proposal, with the remark, "In a multitude of counsel, there is confusion; it leads to weakness and indecision; the patient may die while the doctors are staring at each other." On parting with him, and especially at night, I would receive the kindest acknowledgments in the most affectionate tones, generally with the addition, "God bless you—he does bless you—and he will bless you."—It seemed as if his disposition to criticise on the pronunciation of words could not be restrained under any circumstances of bodily suffering or immediate danger of death. The slightest deviation from his standard of propriety must be met and corrected. In the application of words to convey ideas, he was extremely exact. He once remarked to me that although the French was a vile language, yet it was preferable to any other for treaties and public documents, because every word was in its exact place—"no double meaning—there it stands." The night preceding his death, I passed about two hours in his chamber. He told me, in a plaintive tone, that his poor John was worn down with fatigue and compelled to go to bed. A most attentive substitute supplied his place; but neither he nor I were like John, who knew where to place his hand on any thing in a large quantity of baggage prepared for an European voyage. The patient was greatly distressed in breathing, in consequence of difficult expectoration, and requested me at my own visit, to bring instruments for performing the operation of bronchotomy, for he could not live unless relieved.—Yet, in the same interview, he directed a certain newspaper to be brought to him. It was found after a difficult search. He put on his spectacles as he sat propped up in bed, turned over the paper several times, examined it carefully, then placed his fingers on a part he had selected, and handed it to me, with a request that I would read it. It was headed 'Cherokee.' In the course of my reading, I came to the word 'omnipotence.' I gave it the full sound, omnipotence. He checked me instantly—repeating it in accordance to Walker. I offered my reasons for pronouncing it as I did. He did not rebut, but quickly said, "Pass on." Not long after, I pronounced the word 'impetus' with the e long. He corrected me instantly. I hesitated on his criticism; and in an enquiring and doubtful tone repeated the word as he pronounced it. He sharply replied, "There can be no doubt of it." An immediate acknowledgement of the reader, that he stood corrected, appeared to satisfy the critic, and the piece was concluded. I now observed to him, there was a great deal of sublimity in the composition. He directly referred me to the Mosaic account of creation, and repeated 'Let there be light, and there was light.'—"There is sublimity."

He spoke, in this interview, of the slanders and lies that had been published against him in the newspapers. Even his domestic arrangements, his silver cups, &c., had been noticed, when every one might know that silver was more economical than highly-finished china or cut glass, that was liable to be broken. I believe the patient never fully relinquished his hold on life, until the day he died. It is true, he had often said he was dying; he must die—or words to that effect: but these were rather to be considered as the ebullitions of a morbidly irritable mind. The hope of getting off to Europe, still lingered with him. In proof I will state, that perhaps on the third day of my attendance, he informed me that he intended to go on to New York the next morning, and wished my bill to be left at the bar. I understood it to be his intention to embark at New York for Europe. Instead of going in the morning, as he expected, he was so extremely ill in the night, that I was called from my bed to visit him. He also requested me to have some sulphate of morphine, which he had in his possession and pure imported article, divided into papers of one grain each. This was done by my direction at the Apothecary store of Charles Ellis, No. 56, Chesnut street, who put up my prescriptions for the patient. The morning of the day that John Randolph died, I received an early and an urgent message to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant John, who appeared affected at the situation of his dying master. I remarked to John soon after I arrived, that I had seen his master very low several times before and he had revived, and perhaps he would again. The patient directly said, "John knows better than that." The interview of this morning was peculiarly impressive. I had not been long with him before he looked at me with great intensity, and said in a very earnest and distinct manner, "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made provision."

"This declaration was to me altogether unexpected. It involved a subject which in our previous intercourse had never been touched. It was one I should not have introduced. I asserted him I was prepared to receive such a declaration from him. He appeared anxious to impress it upon my mind. Soon after this I prepared to go for a short time to attend an urgent message received just before I left home, assuring my patient I would return as speedily as possible. He positively objected to my leaving him—"You must not go: you cannot, you shall not leave me." He called to his servant John to take care that the Doctor did not leave the room; and John accordingly locked the door, and soon returned, "Master, I have locked the door, and got the key in my pocket: the doctor can't go now." My proposal to leave him for a short time, even on a promise to return, so decidedly irritated him for a moment. It may show the situation of his mind, when I state that in the moment of excitement to which I have referred, he said, "If you do go, you need not return." I appealed to him as to the necessity of such an order, inasmuch as I was only desirous of discharging my duty towards another patient, who might stand in need of assistance. His manner instantly changed, and he said "I regret that expression;" and probably a quarter of an hour afterwards, coming on me in an aggressive look, he again said, "I regret that expression." I told him I thought I understood him distinctly on the subject he had communicated, and I presumed the Will would explain itself fully. He replied in his peculiar way, "No, you don't understand it; I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves;—a Will may maintain them, but provision for their subsequent support requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness after hearing the declaration, should continue with the party and never lose sight of him until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John—you see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me—your parents must make allowances for your situation." I saw and felt the force of the appeal.

The interest of the scene increased every moment. I was now locked in a chamber with a dying statesman of no common order—one whose commanding talents and elevated political station, combined with great eccentricity of character, had spread his fame not only through his native land, but over Europe.—He then said, "John told me this morning, 'master, you are dying.'" I made no attempt to conceal my views. On the contrary, I assured him I would speak to him with entire candour on the occasion, and told him it had been rather a subject of surprise he had continued so long. He now made his preparation to die. Between him and his faithful servant there appeared to be a complete understanding. He directed John to bring him his father's breast-button, which was immediately produced. He then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old fashioned, large size gold stud. John placed it in the button hole of the shirt bosom; but to fix it completely, required a hole on the opposite side. When this was announced to his master, he quickly said, "get a knife and cut one." I handed my pen-knife to John, who cut the hole and fixed

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Revised for the Saturday Evening Post, by Rubt. T. Bigland, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 7, 1835.

...	cwt. 4 25	...	4 50
...	7 75	8 00	
...ETAL			
...	10	...	
...	12		12½
...ron No. 1			
...	7		9
...	ton 4 25	4 75	
...	4 25	4 75	
...ET. Duty free			
...	14½		14
...	11½		12
...ron Eliz.	12		13
...	11½		12
...ania.	12½		13
...TON. Duty 3 cts per lb.			
...ewns.	10		12½
...	18		21
...k and Tob.			
...C and Ves.	18		21
...EIGHTS.			
...fellsburgh, perretail			
...	100 lbs	1 12½	3 00
...FLOUR and MEAL.			
...perfine.	bbl	5 62½	
...		6 25	
...		4 75	
...dlings.		4 25	
...ion meal.		4 12½	
...do.	12 bbls.	19 00	22 00
...RAIN.			
...ye Pennsylv.		95	
...Pennsylv.		94	95
...Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 35	1 36	
...do South. bush	1 32	1 35	
...Corn, S. & Penna.		94	95
...do. L.C. yellow		96	97
...do. U.C. round		95	96
...Oats, Pennsylv.		40	45
...do.			
...Southern			
...Barley, Eastern			
...do Pennsyl.		40	41
...Rye			
...Linseed, Winter		15	16
...BUCKWHEAT			
...Cotton Seed		20	21

...Sugar-house		67	69
...do. N. York		69	70
...do. Philad.		43	50
...do. Steam.		46	50
...Treacle.		28	30
...Porto Rico.		31	34
...English French Isl.		29	34
...Hav. & Matanzas.		49	51
...MACKEREL.			
...No. 1.	bbl	7 50	
...No. 2.		7 00	7 25
...No. 3.		4 25	4 50
...OIL.			
...Linseed, Am. from		1 28	1 25
...do. Eng.			
...do. Dutch.			1 05
...Whale.	gal.		45
...Sperm, winter.		95	1 00
...do. summer.			90
...PLASTER PARIS.			
...In Delaware.	ton	2 50	
...In Schuylkill		2 50	
...SEEDS.			
...Clover.		5 50	6 00
...Flaxseed, rough		1 85	1 90
...do. clean, cask			
...Timothy.	bbls	1 50	2 75
...Orchard grass.		2 00	2 12½
...WHISKEY.			
...Rye, bbls.		36	36½
...do.		35	36
...do. from wagons			30
...WOOL.			
...Prime, Saxony Spun.			
...do.			70
...Am. wash. full blood.			62
...do.	1 blood.		47
...do.	1 blood.		45
...do.	½ blood.		35
...Am. unwash. full blood.		55	57
...do.	1 blood.		47
...do.	½ blood.		35
...Pulled, Lambs.			50
...do.	Spinning.		45
...Country, com.			38
...Super. pulled bbls.		50	55
...No. 1. do.			42
...No. 2. do.			30
...Spanish, B. F. & S.			35
...do. lambs.			75

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, August 8, 1835.

☞ Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post in the British American Provinces, are informed that it is indispensable that their subscriptions be paid in advance. All subscriptions unpaid will be discontinued at the expiration of the current six months, until further *orders* are received. The United States postage must be paid on all communications.

The objects of curiosity now being exhibited in the American Museum, corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. have lately been increased by the addition of an imitation of Maelzel's Conflagration of Moscow, attached to which *is a fine view of the Russian Capital in broad day light, and the entry of the French army*, previous to the conflagration. The Museum continues to attract many visitors.

In Charleston, S. C. and New Orleans, public meetings have been held, with a view of taking measures to prevent the banished swindlers and gamblers from investing those cities.

Under the head of foreign intelligence, the reader will find notices of the decease of Cobbett, the reformer, Mathews, the celebrated comedian, and the Grand chief, Zumalacarreguy.

Gov. Runnels, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation calling upon all good citizens to aid in suppressing insurrectionary movements, and in apprehending the lawless and villainous white men now roaming that state, with a view of instilling rebellion in the minds of slaves.

There is now growing in the garden of Mr. John Jowell, near Wilmington, Del. a radish of mammoth dimension. It measures 17 inches in circumference, and is 24½ inches in length. The tops rise about 4½ feet above the ground. Huzza for little Delaware!

The gamblers of the west are hunted from their accustomed retreats, with great energy and perseverance. A number of *vouse meetings have been held*, with a view of preventing their arrival, and in some, anti-Gambling Societies have been formed. Swindlers and Horse thieves should be included in the title.

We publish this week the very interesting deposition of our esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. Parrish, detailing the incidents connected with the last moments of Randolph, of Roanoke. It is deeply affecting in its character, and affords, unquestionably, a very correct picture of some of the many eccentricities of the great orator and statesman.

A barn and stable, on the Ridge road, about three miles from the city, were consumed by fire, on Wednesday morning. When the fire broke out, an elegant, several horses and a bear, were in the stable. The bear perished in the flames. Notwithstanding its distance from the city, most of our fire companies repaired to the spot.

The Fame Hose Company have presented a beautiful silver chalice, splendidly ornamented, to Mr. William Bramble, one of the city watchmen, who for some years past, has had charge of their apparatus. The cup was made by Messrs. Bailey & Kitchen, Chesnut street.

A man, apparently about *thirty years* of age, five feet nine *inches in height*, while *running* up Market street on Wednesday afternoon, suddenly ruptured a blood vessel, and notwithstanding the services of Dr. Ashmead were immediately procured, he expired in a few moments. He had on a linen roundabout and pantaloons, dark silk vest, shoes and stockings. It is believed that his name was Moore.

BOAT RACE.

A race between the schooner boat *Paloski*, and the sloop *Helen Mar*, on a trial of speed, for a purse of $100, took place on the Delaware, on Tuesday last. The boats left South street wharf, about half past 11 o'clock, and proceeded down the river to Chester, the passage down and up being the distance agreed upon for the trial. In going down the wind was about N. W. and the *Paloski* took the lead, and retained it without difficulty. In coming up the wind hauled round to W. a circumstance which materially operated against the *Helen Mar*, a boat celebrated for great facility in tacking. The *Mar* was beaten four miles.

Another trial of speed, between the same boats, took place on Tuesday last, for a purse of $100. They left South street wharf, at half past two, wind N. E. and ride ebb. A few miles below the city the "Helen" caught an *especial* current of wind which filled her far ahead of her competitor, but which soon died away from her, and was caught by the "Paloski," which overtook and passed the "Helen," and continued to the end of the race, coming in about 60 yards ahead, at a quarter of nine in the evening. This will probably settle the question, as it is considered a "fair shake."

The last number of the Pennsylvania Temperance Recorder, contains an article which asserts that there are no less than five hundred thousand common drunkards in the United States. A most humiliating statement.

Going Ahead.—It is stated that the Fire Fly Locomotive, performed a trip from Ballston to Schenectady and back again, on Wednesday last, in one hour and three minutes. Distance thirty-one miles!

The rail road mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, is miserably managed, and the changes and delays to which the traveller is subjected, are exceedingly vexatious. The route from Albany to Saratoga is in the hands of two distinct companies, the division line being at Schenectady. The distance, about 36 miles, is rarely ever performed in less time than from three to four hours, and in some instances, a still longer period has been required. We have passed over the route several times within a few weeks past, and therefore speak from personal observation. A much greater degree of promptness upon the part of the agents of the road, is indispensably necessary in order to render the route popular.

From the Philadelphia Exchange Books.

INSURRECTION IN VENEZUELA.

Letters dated St. Thomas, (favoured by a house of this city) inform us that Vargas, the president, and late president of Venezuela, had arrived at St. Thomas from La Guayra—that on the night of the 8th of July, the troops, instigated by their officers, revolted, attacked the president's house in Caracas, threatened his life, and finally sent him under a guard to La Guayra, and got him and the Vice President on board the Aurora, bound to St. Thomas. Gen. Marino, is supposed to be the leader of the insurrection, and it appears to have been some time in progress.

TAMAULIPAS.

We have before us a circular from Benjamin Lundy, well known as an able advocate of the cause of universal emancipation, in relation to a scheme for establishing a colony of North Americans, in the state of Tamaulipas, in Mexico. Mr. Lundy it appears, has just returned from a visit to Tamaulipas, where he has secured a large quantity of valuable land, and entered into an arrangement or treaty with the state, by which many advantages will be enjoyed by the colonists, and which secures, beyond all possibility of doubt, the protection of the government in the enjoyment of their religious opinions.

The state of Tamaulipas borders on the gulf of Mexico, and adjoins the south western boundary of Texas. The great river Rio Bravo del Norte, runs through the state, and waters one of the most beautiful, fertile and healthy countries of America. The climate is pleasant, and the rigors of winter are unknown. "The section of country is adapted to the culture of sugar, rice, corn, indigo, tobacco, and cotton; also the various culinary vegetables, generally produced in our middle and southern states. Fifty or sixty miles in the interior, wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c. may also be raised to advantage. The soil is, invariably, a dark rich loam. The face of the country is, in general, level near the sea coast, and more and more rolling as we proceed from it. Limestone abounds in the elevations, over the whole country. Many parts are timbered, sufficiently to answer general purposes, and others exhibit dense forests. A large portion, however, is open plain, clear, and ready for the plough. Nearly the whole produces a most luxuriant, perpetual pasturage, for horses, cattle, sheep, &c, &c."

The cotton grown in this region, Mr. Lundy adds, is of the finest quality, and rice is also produced with the greatest ease. There are, annually, two rainy seasons, and two dry. Two crops of corn are produced within the year, on the same ground, if planted at the proper times. When the land can be irrigated, it will produce a regular succession of crops, without reference to seasons, as *last* as they can be grown and harvested.

In reference to the treaty with the state government, Mr. Lundy says:

By a treaty, concluded and ratified between the Governor of the State and myself, the grant of land, above mentioned, is to be secured to me, in *fee simple*, on condition of my introducing a certain number of settlers, within a stated period. The contract stipulates for the introduction of *Two Hundred and Fifty*; but the terms are such, that the settlement of one fifth part of that number will secure a large tract (in *fee simple*, as aforesaid,) fully adequate to their liberal accommodation:—and, on the other hand, when the full complement shall be settled, any number more, who may choose to locate themselves in places adjoining, will be furnished with lands, gratis, on application to the local state authorities. The government is, also, under an obligation to lay out a Town, at its own expense, in such place as I shall direct, and furnish every settler with one lot, *gratis*. In addition to this, I will give each one, on condition of settlement, a quantity of land sufficient for a good farm, be his occupation what it may. To a few capitalists, however, who will give employment to such of the settlers as may not be able to enter immediately into business on their own account, I will furnish as much *land as they can occupy* to any degree of advantage, *in proportion to the amount of capital they will invest, and the number of persons they will thus employ.*—Should they, at any time, experience difficulty in procuring laborers among the colonists, they can obtain them from the Mexican settlements, at fair wages.

A leading object in this scheme, as avowed in the circular, is to test the advantages of free labor on this continent, in the culture of sugar, rice, cotton, &c. and as the experiment will be made very near the slave-holding states, the result cannot fail to be conclusive, either one way or the other. In the admission of settlers, no distinction will be made on account of national ancestry or color; morality, industry and general respectability being the only requisites. The great mass of Mexicans being themselves as dark as our mulattoes, they freely admit all strangers to the rights of citizenship. The establishment of this colony, it is believed, will *therefore* pave the *way* for the emigration of a large portion of our colored population.

Mr. Lundy appeals to the philanthropic, for aid in this undertaking, so that the experiment may have a fair trial. He offers the land, and others are expected to furnish means for the support of those who may be disposed to emigrate, until they are enabled to support themselves.

A strong excitement against *gamblers* exists at this time in Cincinnati, in consequence of the arrival at that city, of many of the profession, flying from the south, for safety. The Cincinnati Post says—"They come in almost every upward-bound boat, in squads, both cabin and *deck* passengers, and though some of them appear vastly genteel, we should still bear in mind that there are *knaves in every pack*. Our Laws cannot *stack* them, (for we have no pillories) but we would advise them to *shuffle* and CUT, before the *Police deal out their hands, or they will find themselves partners in a losing game.—A hint to the wise is enough.*"

A rumour was current in New York on Saturday last, that the yellow fever had appeared in Boston, and carried off, suddenly, several valuable citizens. It appears, however, to be utterly unfounded. The few cases of sudden death which occured last week on Central and Rowes's wharves—and which at the time were attributed to the presence of hides and other animal substances—have been satisfactorily traced to other causes. The annexed extract is from the Boston Daily Advertiser, of Saturday.

Health of the City.—In consequence of the paragraph in yesterday's paper, signed Central wharf, some investigation has been made respecting the alleged causes of disease on the wharves there named. We are informed that *there are no hides on Central wharf, or on any other wharf except Rowe's wharf, and that those have been recently examined*, and were found perfectly sweet. The city officers are vigilant in the discharge of their duty. A few days since, some offensive hides were landed on India wharf, which were immediately removed. There have been but few cases of fever, of any kind, and this city is remarkably healthy. Two of the lamented deaths of distinguished merchants within the present week, were of apoplexy, and one of fever.

We are frequently amused at the eccentric pungent sententiousness of the letters of our friend Dr. Green, of Bethlehem. We often have occasion to *feel* that there is much truth in the latter clause extracted from his letter just received:

"According to country reckoning 10 Dollars in advance are as much as 3 or 4 taxes at the expiration of the year,—and he that don't believe it, let him just look into his book.

MAYORS OFFICE—MONDAY.

BURGLARY.—Two young men, calling themselves Wm. Benn, alias Bishop, alias Carter, and John Dean, alias Brown, were brought before the Mayor by one of the watch, charged with Burglary, under the following circumstances. The prisoners, on Saturday evening, took lodgings at the Wm. Penn Tavern, in Market above 6th st. and were put into the same room to sleep, on the 2d floor; and about two o'clock on Sunday morning, one of the boarders sleeping in another room, was taken suddenly ill, and awoke his room mate, Mr. Massey, who in feeling for his clothing found they had vanished, he immediately struck a light and gave the alarm that there were robbers in the house. The room in which Bishop and Dean were put was examined, and Dean was seen to get into bed, but Bishop was absent, a great quantity of clothing, made into bundles, was found in the room, the property of the boarders, together with a bunch of neck stocks, and upon examination, Bishop was found in a room above stairs under a bed, with a quantity of clothing prepared for transportation. In fact, a collection had been levied upon the chattles of nearly every person in the house, and but for the sudden indisposition of one of the boarders, the rogues would no doubt have escaped with the booty. They were both recognized by the Mayor as old convicts, and had both been recently *pardoned by the Governor*, out of the Walnut st. Prison, having been sentenced for 3 years for larceny. They were ordered to give surety in the sum of $1000 each, to appear at the Oyer and Terminer, to answer the Burglary, and the further sums of $300 each on six different charges of larceny—making in all the sum of $2,900 each to answer.

From Havana.—By the brig Enterprise, Captain Clifford, arrived at Providence (R. I.), we have accounts from Havana to the 13th ultimo, inclusive, containing further particulars of the late attempted insurrection in that city. The correspondent of the Journal writes, under date of the 17th, that on the 12th a revolution broke out in the outskirts of the city a revolution headed by entering a hardware store, to the number of about thirty, seizing knives used for cutting cane, and then went out and killed eight or ten white men. Information was given to the Governor, and he ordered out the dragoons, well armed and mounted, and with them proceeded to the spot, and gave orders to the troops to kill all those who had weapons in their hands. The dragoons who had weapons in their hands. The dragoons rushed down upon them, killed thirty of the negroes, and took 40 or 50 prisoners, when the remainder dispersed, and peace was restored. On the 15th, eight of the ringleaders were tried, and six condemned to death. On the afternoon of the 16th they were taken, under a guard of 600 infantry and 150 dragoons, to the place of execution, and shot in the back. Their heads were cut off and put in six cages, and are now hanging at the place of the riot, as a warning against further attempts.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 25, 1835.

Toronto, recently York city, is one of the places in upper Canada, at which the Lake steam boats usually stop on their way to Niagara. It is the capital of Upper Canada, and is a neat city, with a number of very pretty houses. The Governor of the Province, Sir John Colborn, resides here, and a short distance out, there is a garrison of four hundred men, consisting of parts of the 15th and 79th regiments of infantry. The Governor's house is less stately than many private residences, having but little to recommend it but its location. It is a low frame building, and at the time stands very much in need of a thick coat of paint. The Governor has a military guard before his premises, but notwithstanding the great parade and show connected with his residence, he is entirely accessable to well-behaved visitors, even though they belong to brother Jonathan's states. In person Sir John is tall, with an erect figure; his hair is slightly touched with the marks of age, though I should not judge his years to be more than 55. He is affable and gentlemanly in his manner, and converses freely with those who call to pay their respects.

There are a great many stores in Toronto, but merchandize of all kinds is much higher than in N. York. Though very desirous of making some small purchase, as a memento of my visit to the city, I could find nothing to please me, at less than about four prices.

From Toronto you proceed onwards, nearly the entire length of the Lake, and reach Port Niagara, at the mouth of Niagara River. Here passengers for the Falls frequently stop, and proceed by stage to the Falls, taking the Canada side. As we were desirous of viewing the Cataract first from the American shore, we continued with the boat to Lewistown, about six miles up, passing Brock's monument, of which a fine view is obtained from the river. This monument is built of a coarse grey limestone, and is about 115 feet high. The base of the edifice is at least 250 feet above the river, so that from the top, the eye can embrace a vast tract of country, around this deeply interesting spot. Gen. Brock was killed at the battle of Queenston, during the last war, when the Americans, under Col. Van Rensselaer, charged the British on the heights. Queenston lies nearly opposite Lewiston.

In coming along the Niagara river, from Lewiston to the Falls, you pass two places which are particularly deserving of the attention of visitors. These are the Devil's Hole, and the Whirlpool. The former is a horrible chasm in the rock on the shore, filled, it is said, with venomous reptiles, and the latter is a curious combination of small pools, embraced within one of a large and very dangerous character, caused by an abrupt turn in the river. It is alleged that the whirlpool is fathomless, though it is difficult to say how that fact could have been ascertained. The rapids in the river, above the whirlpool, are truly beautiful and imposing.

You catch a glance of the Great Falls, as you approach the village of Cheltenham, but the best way to proceed, in order to obtain a satisfactory view of all the curiosities at this place, is to curb your curiosity here, and do nothing until you have quietly secured your lodgings and changed your travelling dress. These things being attended to, ask the advice of some person familiar with the Falls, and he will direct you at once to the Rapids, the roar of whose waters you will hear long before you can distinguish the deep tones of the Great Falls. The Rapids, Goat Island, The Tower, The Cave of Æolus, The Biddle Stairs, The Terrapin Bridge, &c. are all places which should be visited, in successive order—so that the combined beauties of the Falls, may be seen to greater advantage.

You will expect me, no doubt, to give you a detailed description of the Cataract, but that I find to be utterly impossible. Language is inadequate to convey any correct idea of the sublime and magnificent view which bursts upon the sight, as you stand on the end of Terrapin Bridge, projecting several feet over the falls, between Goat Island and the Canada Shore. The mind is lost in astonishment, and in my own case, it appeared as if my intellectual powers were completely paralyzed by the great and glorious prospect spread before me. At first I experienced a feeling of terror, as I was watching the heavy rush of waters, pouring, in heavy columns, into the abyss below; and this gradually gave place to one of awe and sublimity. I had closely scanned the mighty cascade for some minutes, before I could properly appreciate the magnificence of the scene, and when I did, it completely absorbed my admiration. Even now, after the lapse of some days, it seems impossible for me to use any phrase sufficiently strong and eloquent to express the power, the grandeur, the stupendous magnificence of this mighty cascade. It is a scene that entirely occupies my mind, and the impression so deep, so absorbing—so full of the wondrous power of Jehovah—can never be erased from my memory.

I have heard persons say that they were disappointed in visiting the Falls, as the scene did not realize what their imagination had conceived of the grandeur of the place, but to me the various well-written and eloquent descriptions that I have read, conveyed no adequate idea of the magnificence of the scene. My imagination was astounded when it burst upon me, and I felt a feeling of contempt in relation to what I had read. Describe Niagara? Gracious Power! The picture may be painted in the language of the Heavenly bows, *before human tongue can tell*, its human pen can describe it!

There is some diversity of opinion in respect to the best position, from which to view the Falls, but for my part I prefer the prospect from Terrapin Bridge, on Goat Island. At this place the eye can compass the three falls, and the Crescent Fall is seen under particularly favorable circumstances, and the visitor is not exposed to the spray, which, in some positions, is quite unpleasant. In clear weather the delicate tints of numerous rain-bows glorify the scene, and a feeling of awe is united with that of sublimity, as the visitor realizes the fact that he stands on a plank projecting over the mighty cataract, and with no intervention but that, between him and the abyss of foam below. The Falls, should, however, be viewed from every possible quarter, on both shores, and those who properly appreciate the wonderful works of nature, and are alive to the awful and imposing evidences of God's uncontrollable power, will never grow weary of the scene.

From the American we crossed over to the Canadian shore, from which the view of the Crescent fall, and the Rapids above, is truly magnificent. The passage across, is effected in a small batteau, a very short distance below the principal fall. I surprised me not a little to find this a very pleasant and safe trip, as I had previously been under the impression that the river could not be crossed any where in the vicinity. For miles above, the current is so powerful that no boat could live in the water, and for miles below, excepting at the foot of the American falls, it is said there is equal danger. At the ferry, the current, though strong, can be easily stemmed. The depth of water is very great; by some it is alleged to be unfathomable.

Most persons who visit the Falls have a strong desire to pass under the great sheet of water, from the Canadian side, and very many make the attempt, though it is an undertaking which the naturally timid should never commence. The gentlemen of our party having resolved, a day or two since, to do as others had done, prepared themselves for the trial, and I, not to be outdone, accompanied them. We were equipped in an old cloth coat and pantaloons, and with a sensible hat and shoes, and thus habituated, and looking like anything but civilized beings, we descended the great stairs, and followed, as closely as we could, the footsteps of our guide. On reaching the base of the hill, we passed along a very narrow path, clinging closely to the side, and soon reached the sheet of water, pouring over the Falls, in fearful violence. The first dash of water in our faces almost drowned us, and some were for beating a hasty retreat. Resolution, however, came more freely, as we became in some measure accustomed to the water, and we progressed, and finally reached Termination Rock, the great point of the ambition of thousands who visit the Falls. All along under the the sheet the path is slippery and difficult, and more than once I thought myself in imminent danger of being plunged into the gulf below. The water poured over us in torrents, blinded us, and almost deprived us of breath, while the roar of the cataract, and the shakes of the heavy surges against the rocks, entirely prevented us from hearing the sound of each other's voices. The reflections arising from this scene of terror, and the manner in which we were exposed, were by no means of a pleasant character, and we hastened out as soon as we were directed by the guide, that no one had ever passed further. The passing under the Falls is a tooth-ing thing altogether and should be discountenanced. It is attended with great risk, and to me is of no benefit. Ladies do not attempt it, except in some low recesses, the mass.

The hotels at the Falls, particularly on the Canada side, are wretchedly poor, and the prices enormously high. I paid fifty cents for a drink of porter, and the backman, for taking four trunks from the ferry to the Hotel, charged us three dollars. All other charges are in proportion, and it is no use to murmur, for you must pay whatever you are charged. In conversation with the keeper of the Pavilion—an Englishman—he told me he had been greatly mortified a short time previous, by a party of gentlemen asking his terms, before they took lodgings. What an insult! "Yenner," said Bonifece," to think of asking me what are my terms!" *Mirabile dictu!*

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. Aug. 1, 1835.

The principal houses at this place are full to overflowing, and although the number of departures daily exceeds one hundred, the arrivals are so constant, that the strength of the company is daily maintained. Gov. Wolf, of Pennsylvania, has been here for some weeks, and derives great benefit from a free use of the waters. It appears that for some time past he has laboured under a misapprehension in relation to the character of his complaint, and but for his fortunate visit to the Springs, he might have remained in the mistake for years. He is sanguine that his health will be greatly improved. The Governor is affable in his manners, and quite popular with the visitors. Mr. Van Buren is also here, and Gov. Marcy, of New York, is daily expected, so that we have our full share of the great men of the nation.

The Springs, in beauty and fashion, far exceed any place of summer resort that I have ever visited. There is considerable contention among our young men, as to which section of the country bears the palm, and if I were called upon to decide, I should be completely at a loss. We have a very attractive lady from Florida, another from Virginia, two very pretty and quite young, from South Carolina, a score from New York, several from Boston, and at least three who are very well qualified to represent the beauty of Philadelphia. I attended a ball, last evening, at the United States Hotel, and was delighted with the brilliant display of pretty faces and handsome dresses. Among the company were several excellent dancers, and every body present appeared to be delighted. One of the most conspicuous personages on the floor, was a mustachioed Pole, a refugee, whose name, it is said, was beheaded, and who made a narrow escape from a peculiar appointment into himself. Some of the ladies allow to believe that the chap's face bears an expression of melancholy, but in my opinion the whiskers and mustaches are much more palpable. He waltzed with a pretty gal from the South—Heavens what a contrast! A Spanish gentleman, as known as an Indian, seems likewise to find favor in the eyes of one of the ladies, a circumstance by no means contrary to the polished beaus. It is sometimes necessary, however, to excite the jealousy of our young men, as it spurs them on amazingly.

Mr. Van Buren was present, but he declined dancing, and amused himself in conversing with the ladies. He is quite the gentleman in his manners, and a widower in the bargain. No wonder then, that he is popular with mothers who have marriageable daughters, of which we have now no inconsiderable number.

On Thursday night I went to see Adrien, the Magician, who is here amusing us with his tricks. He is an adept in his profession, and much more skilful in deceiving his audience, than either of his competitors. The disappearance of his wife, which he effects almost in the twinkling of an eye, is really marvellous and unaccountable to me. You may expect him soon in Philadelphia.

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURE.—We copy the following paragraphs from the *Buffalo Whig*, of the 25th ult. merely because it is especial of us to notice every prominent occurrence of the times. If true, the details exhibit depravity and infamy of the deepest dye. We most sincerely hope that the account may prove to be erroneous.

What Next?—A statement appears in the Cleveland Whig, of the 24th inst. of a most astounding character. It is, that at the Pittsburgh nunnery, a parent recently called to see his daughter, and was refused admittance. He therefore rallied some friends to assist him, and on accomplishing his entrance, found his daughter a mother! She, among many others, had been sent there to be educated; and it is added that "several of the other young ladies were in a very *delicate situation*. But we are told. We quote:—"on searching the secret subterranean recesses of this priest's wrigle, many dead infants were found entombed within them, to the utter horror and astonishment of the beholder! !"

The account goes on to say that the priests and nuns had fled from the premises in alarm at the discovery, &c. For the honor of our country—of our species—we hope there is much exaggeration here. The Cleveland editor obtained his tidings from a traveller just from Pittsburg; there is, therefore, room to hope for the best. Catholic priests are not allowed by their creed to marry; but we hope we are not to be doomed to that state of things as the result of their abstinence from wedlock.

That something is wrong at the establishment in question—in truth the whole was always wrong—is proved by the fact that the Pittsburgh papers refer to the fleeing, but give no particulars. It is in the hope of learning more, than we mention the subject at all, in the present state of our information. The Pittsburg Times, of the 15th ultimo, while upon another matter, an out-door deed, thus alludes to the convent affair:—"As the mother and father of the child (not the convent infant) and the persons in whose hands it was placed, are all Catholics, common rumour has connected the affair with the dispersion of the nunnery on the night of Saturday last; and with the absence of priest O'Riley, who has gone somewhere for his health."

☞Since the above was in type, we have noticed the following entry in the Pittsburg Manufacturer, from which the "Horrible Disclosures," have undoubtedly been concocted.

"On Tuesday evening, 7th inst., two women crossed the bridge from Alleghanytown, in a cart, having a coffin, in which was a dead infant. Some interrogations were put to them by the toll collector at the bridge, to which it appears they gave answers that did not satisfy him. He reported the affair to the Mayor, and some suspicions being expressed, at length the coroner on the following Sunday disinterred the body and held an inquest over it, the result of which was, that it had died a natural death. On subsequent inquiry having taken place, an individual living about twenty miles from this city, came forward and voluntarily acknowledged to be the father of the child, which he further stated was illegitimate. Desirous of screening the mother of the child (who lived with him as housekeeper) from the censure of the world, he had sent her to Alleghanytown, where the child was born, and where it had died when it was but a few days old. The interment of the hour at which it was buried, was also plainly shown to be a matter of accident rather than of design. The parties implicated by their own voluntary confession, in the affair of this illegitimate child, are now bound over to trial. This, it seems, is the tale from which the vile slanders we have alluded to, have been concocted. That these slanders on the particular individuals to whom they refer, as well as on the Catholics generally, have been sold with the worst of motives—a view to excite the prejudices and even violence of the unthinking portion of the community—is, in our opinion, beyond doubt. We are, therefore, glad that legal measures have been taken to restrain those fanatics in their wicked attempts. Suits at law have been instituted against several persons concerned in the slanders, and it appears to be the determination of the party aggrieved, to take this mode of redress from all those who yet may be discovered as originating or continuing at the propagation of malicious stories."

THE VICKSBURGH OUTRAGE—THE CHESTER GANG OF NEW YORK.

The Journal of Commerce says—

"Gentlemen who are in the city from Vicksburg, say that the men who were hung there were all notorious gamblers. Under this name are classed a host of desperadoes who belong to the newly settled parts of the country, who are not only cheats at games of chance, but robbers, murderers, and felons in all crimes. They have their agents at all the principal points on the Western rivers, and carry on crimes of all sorts by system. They have shown themselves too strong for the civil authorities, and have not hesitated to challenge any one who dared to call them to an account. No one's life was safe who interfered with them. The gang of Vicksburg generally numbered about fifty. A state of things had long existed there which had wrought up the feelings of the inhabitants to a high pitch of indignation accompanied by apprehension. The affray which terminated in the tragedy which has been related, commenced on the 4th of July. One of these villains attempted to take his seat at the public dinner table, but was driven away by a citizen. He then armed himself with a brace of pistols, and came back declaring his determination to shoot the man who had offended him, a declaration which no one doubted he would carry into execution if he had an opportunity. The gentleman present determined no longer to bear the case of things they had so long endured. They organized a military company, and in due time went to work with the design of driving the desperadoes from the town. But the death of their leader gave another current to their resolution, and terribly did they take vengeance. The gang were glad enough to have liberty to take to flight.

We have among us a gang of desperadoes of the same character, if not part and parcel of the same gang. They are called the Chichester Gang, and our citizens know but little of the number of brutal outrages they have committed, or of the insecurity which they impart to our streets, especially to every by place. They do not hesitate at the commission of any crime to obtain money, or to gratify any of their passions, and when they have no more important objects in view, they knock down peaceable men just for the fun of seeing them tumble over. If ever villains deserved a halter without mercy, these villains deserve it."

From the Lewisburg Allegheanian, July 24.

A COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.

The notorious counterfeiter Best, again in custody.—We are informed that he was taken at the house of Mr. Joel Swingle, on Hand's Creek, in Monroe county, about the 1st instant. Information having reached Union, that Best was again in the county, a party of gentlemen went in pursuit of him, and on arriving at the place, surrounded the house, so as to prevent the possibility of his escape. He, being armed, and probably expecting assistance from his friends, refused to surrender until a reinforcement arrived from Union, when the door was forced and the gentleman found safely lodged under the floor. Search being made, a quantity of spurious money was found, together with the plate on which it was struck, secreted in the dirt under the floor.

He is now in jail in Union, awaiting his trial at the fall term of the Circuit Court of Monroe, the called Court have already acted on his case, and sent him on for further trial.

Prominent Causes of Crime.—1. Deficient education, early loss of parents, and consequent neglect.—2. Few convicts have ever learned a regular trade, and, if they were bound to any apprenticeship, they have abandoned it before their time had is wholly expired 3. School education is, with most convicts, very deficient or entirely wanting. 4. Intemperance, very often the consequence of loose education, is a most appalling source of crime. 5. By preventing intemperance, and by promoting education, we are authorized to believe that we shall prevent crime in a considerable degree.

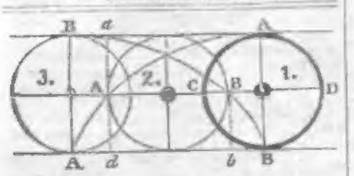
RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 31. received from		A. Hawker, Esq.	2 00
J. B. Hoffman,	5 00	Trenton Fairell,	5 00
William Totten,	5 00	G. D. Crumbaugh,	3 00
G. W. Booker, nett	1 75	A. N. Bourdon,	10 00
Israel Miller,	10 00	A. Holbrook,	10 00
Meilson Porter,	5 00	R. Zimmerman,	10 00
J. Baugar, Esq.	2 00	J. C. Bradley,	2 00
Wm. Estill, Esq.	10 00	Yates and Cook,	2 00
F. Leclercq, Esq.	2 00	*August 4.*	
John A. Judd, Esq.	2 00	A. Clemens, nett,	1 75
John Callis, Esq.	2 00	Charles Baker, Esq.	2 00
Robert H. Miles,	2 00	D. H. Marshall,	10 00
Richard Vermeule,	2 00	J. Harrison, Esq.	3 00
S. Danforth, Esq	5 00	J. Cady, Esq.	2 00
August 3.		*August 5.*	
C. G. Rennie, Esq.	5 00	Dr. D. L. Green,	5 00
Joseph Small, Esq.	2 00	Lewis J. Germain,	2 00
A. S. Miner, Esq.	10 00	Charles Davis, Esq.	2 00
Ethn Field, Esq.	2 00	T. A. Lockwood, Esq.	2 00
W. S. Vandike, Esq.	2 00	L. Lawrence, Esq.	2 00
Jas. B. Moore, Esq.	5 00	H. Munson, Esq.	5 00
S. Cooper, Esq.	2 00	J. A. Trimble, Esq.	2 00
S. S. Brown, Esq.	5 00	*August 6.*	
J. O. Wallace, Esq.	3 00	A. W. Norton,	4 00
R. McClure, Esq.	2 00	B. Byram, Esq.	3 00
W. V. Gregory, Esq.	2 00	W. E. Johnson, Esq.	3 00
B. Jenckes, Esq.	2 00	A. Burr, Esq.	3 00
M. Barlow, Esq.	1 00	W. F. Tunnell,	10 00

SALES OF STOCKS,

At the Stock and Exchange Board of Brokers.

				par value.
105	shares	U. S. Bank,	109⅛ 110	100
1	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	579	400
13	do.	North America Bank,	465⅞ 466	400
32	do.	Commercial Bank,	67⅛ 67½	50
710	do.	Girard Bank,	66½	50
120	do.	Mechanics Bank,	67½	50
70	do.	Moyamensing Bank,	45⅝ 46	25
172	do.	Western Bank,	61⅝ 61½	50
8	do.	Farmers and Mechanics Bank,	68¼	50
34	do.	Mechanics and Manu. Bank,	68½	50
16	do.	Schuylkill Bank	61 61½	50
635	do.	Merchant's Bank, Balt.	37⅞ 38	50
171	do.	Kentucky Bank,	42	40
1218	do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,	15⅜ 15⅝	10
550	do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,	16⅜ 16½	10
475	do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,	56⅛ 57	100
445	do.



Answer to the New Mathematical Question Published in last Saturday Evening Post.

Let ACBD, in the following figure No. 1. represent the carriage wheel:—BA, the perpendicular station from which the wheel is to move forward along the Horizontal plane, BA the lower part of the figure will be as follows:—when the wheel has moved forward, and turned one quarter round, and come to the station No. 2. in the figure, the horizontal distant of the top part of the wheel will be Bd=5. 14159 feet. the perpendicular descent will be, dA,=2 feet; and the curve line struck by the top part of the wheel A, will be AA=5,7202 feet;—The Horizontal distant of the bottom part of the wheel will be, BC,=1,14159 foot, the perpendicular ascent will be, bB,=2 feet, and the curve line struck by the bottom part of the wheel, B, will be, BB,=2,3105 feet:—When the wheel has moved forward, and turned one half round, and come to the station No. 3. in the figure, the Horizontal distance, both of the top and bottom parts of the wheel, will be, BA,=5,2838 feet, the perpend cular descent, and ascent, of the top and bottom parts of the wheel, will be, BA, both equal, 4 feet, and the curve lines struck by the top and bottom parts of the wheel, will be, AAA the top part, and BBB, the bottom part, both=5,6852 feet.

I do not like, to show my skill,
For fear the answer I have not;
But let it be, however as it will;
I am sure, the answers clear, I have got.
Prahsanthay.

A dialogue between the Sun-flower and Lilly of the Valley.

The following pretty lines from the Danbury Gazette, (Conn.) evince a rare precocity and fine vein of poetry that may bud into rich blossoms. They were written by a young lady of Hartford, aged only 15:

SUN FLOWER.

Good morning, friend Lilly; come open your eyes,
For now I assure you 'tis after sunrise.

LILLY.

Is it morning my friend? Then it cannot be clear,
For if it is sun-rise, 'tis very dark here.

SUN FLOWER.

'Tis a clear summer's morn, and no clouds can be seen;
The air is quite calm, and the sky is serene,
All nature is now most delightfully fair—
You had better awake these enjoyments to share.

LILLY.

I am awake friend, but 'tis dark as the night,
And I cannot perceive here the least ray of light.

SUN FLOWER.

'Tis because you are down with your face to the ground,
That you see not the light diffused all around.
You hang down your head: One would think you ashamed,
While I for my beauty and boldness am famed.

LILLY.

Ashamed, my friend sun flower? You judge not aright.
For my robe as you see, is innocent white:
I have nothing of which I'm ashamed, as you said,
But 'tis modesty sure, makes me hang down my head.

SUN FLOWER.

What a favor and blessing it is to be tall,
To behold all around and look down upon all:
Every movement of man is spread out to my view
While all big employments are hidden from you,
And what a fair prospect I always command
Of the blue rolling sea, and the wide spreading land.

LILLY.

Your much boasted height affords pleasure 'tis true,
Yet it still is attended with evil to you;
For whenever the school-boy is wandering about,
With how little trouble he angles you out,
And if ever your face is once met by his eyes,
He always is certain to make you his prize:
Now I'm sure that my life would be nothing but dread,
Were I always in danger of losing my head.

SUN FLOWER.

When Aurora comes forth in her colors of gold,
I am always the *first* her fair face to behold,
I always awake long before it is morn,
And early I watch the beginning of dawn;
But whenever you've sought, you are sure to be found
With the meanest of weeds that encumber the ground.

LILLY.

The weeds you despise are a blessing to me,
From the cold winds of winter I always am free.
Weeds shield my slight form from the sun's scorching ray,
When without them I quickly should wither away;
But you have no shelter for your slender form,
You are always exposed to the sun and the storm.
Your pleasures are transient, they never can last,
With the lapse of one summer your glory is past,
The cold, dreary winter you cannot outlive,
And when spring returns you can never revive;
But the pleasure of life which I humbly enjoy,
The cold, dreary winter can never destroy,
For them I look forward with hope to the Spring
And anticipate what its appearance will bring,
And when it arrives with its life giving dew,
I put forth my green leaves and begin life anew

"Geopanics."—"Well, Sambo, what are de agricultural prospects dis season?" "Oh pomp, I hardly know. Dat 'tater hill oh mine grow nicely—but, I gush! dat reddish don't grow none." "Dat's 'cause you be ignorant ob de scientific principle ob Horticulter, Sambo. I understand 'em, you see—I sign for the Horticulteral Magazine. My corn, sir, is all turnin' yeller—dat's sign ob ripeness;—I got de em cabbage stumps you gin me all potted, and I jest ben plantin' some silk worms." "My goodness." "Yes, sir, I 'spec to have a silk factry goin' her next fall." "I gush! Pomp, you go ahead rightish, that's certin. Tell us de scientific principle of the silk worm, will you pomp?" "Not as you know on us shan't do it, my Bob!—I see 'gin to-morrow?"—*Dedham Patriot.*

New way to detect a Thief.—The father of ——, the great American statesman, (Mr. Webster,) was a very humorous and jocose personage. Innumerable are the anecdotes that are related of him. As he was once journeying in Massachusetts, not far from his native town, he stopped rather late one night at an inn in the village of ——. In the bar room were about twenty different persons, who, as he entered, called out for him to discover a thief. One of the company, it appeared, had a few minutes before had a watch taken from his pocket, and he knew the offender must be in the room with them.

"Come, Mr. Almanack-maker! you know the signs of the times, the hidden things of the season; tell who is the thief!"

"Fasten all the doors of the room, and let no one leave it; and here, landlord, go and bring your wife's great brass kettle"—

"Wh—ew! want to know! my stars! my wife's—whew—ew!" quoth Boniface.

"Why, you wouldn't be more struck up, if I told you to go to pot!"

Boniface did as commanded. The great brass kettle was placed in the middle of the floor, its bottom up—as black, sooty and smokey as a chimney back.—The landlord got into his bar, and looked on with eyes as big as saucers.

"You don't want your hot water nor nothin' to take off the bristles of no critter, do you, squire?" said the landlord, the preparations looking a little too much like hog killing—"the old woman's gone to bed, and the well's dry!"

"Now go into your barn, and bring the biggest cock-erell you've got."

"Whew!—you won't bile him, will you?—he's a tough one. I can sweat, squire, he didn't steal the watch. The old rooster knows when it's time to crow without looking at a watch!"

"Go along, or I won't detect the thief."

Boniface went to the barn, and soon returned with a tremendous great rooster, crackling all the way like mad.

"Now put him under the kettle, and blow the light out."

The old rooster was thrown under the inverted kettle, and the lamp blown out.

"Now, gentlemen, I don't expose the thief is in the company, but if he is, the old rooster will crow when the offender touches the bottom of the kettle with his hands! Walk round in a circle, and the cock will make known the watch stealer. The innocent need not be afraid you know!"

The company then, to humour him, and carry out the joke, walked round the kettle in the dark for three or four minutes.

"All done, gentlemen?"

"All done!" was the cry—"where's your crowing: we heard no cockadoodle doo!"

"Bring us a light."

A light was brought, as ordered.

"Now hold up your hands, good folks?"

One held up his hand after another. They were of course black, from coming in contact with the soot of the kettle.

"All up?"

"All up!" was the response.

"All black?"

"A—ll—don't know; here's one fellow who hasn't held up his hand."

"Ah, ha, my old boy! let's take a peep at your paws?"

They were examined, and were not black, like those of the rest of the company.

"You'll find your watch about him—search!"

And so it proved. This fellow, not being aware, any more than the rest, of the trap that was set for the discovery of the thief, had kept aloof from the kettle, lest when he touched it, the crowing of the rooster should proclaim him as the thief. As the hands of all the others were blackened, the whiteness of his own showed, of course, that he dared not touch the old brass kettle, and that he was the offender. He jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, and was soon lodged in as uncomfortable a place as either, to wit, the jail.—*National Eagle.*

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—While the allied army was engaged before Savannah, Col. John White, of the Georgia line, conceived and executed an extraordinary enterprise. Capt. French, with a small party of the British regulars, was stationed on the Ogeechee River, about twenty-five miles from Savannah. At the same place lay 5 British vessels, of which four were armed, the largest mounting fourteen guns. White having with him only Capt. Eldridge and three soldiers handled many oars, the illumination which was occasionable at the British station, exhibiting, by the manner of ranging them, the plan of a camp.

To this stratagem he added another. He and his four comrades imitated the manner of the staff, now with haste in various directions, giving orders aloud by voice. French became satisfied that a large body of the enemy were upon him, and on being summoned by White to surrender his detachment, the crews of five vessels, forty in number, with the vessels, and one hundred and thirty stand of arms.

Col. White having succeeded, pretended that he must keep back his troops, but their unanimity, already stifled by his great exertion, should break out, and an indiscriminate slaughter take place, in defiance of his authority, and that therefore he would conduct them safely to good quarters. This humane attention on the part of White was thankfully received. He immediately ordered three of his aid-de-camps to proceed with the prisoners, who served out with celerity, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's colony, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's corps, believed to be near at hand, might break out, much disposed as he was himself to restrain it.

White, with the whole a retinue of by him, regained as he announced to his guides and prisoners, to the troops for the purpose of proceeding in their rear. He now employed himself in collecting the neighbouring militia, with whom he overtook his guides, with their charge, safe and happy in the good treatment they experienced. The address of White was necessary to produce the issue.—*Lee's Memoirs.*

A NEGRO QUARREL.

"We had several negroes amongst the Mooseheans, one of whom, a nail maker, was busy close to where I lay, with his palm and needle, following his vocation, and mending a sail on deck—and her black diamond, a sort of half-inch carpenter, was busy with some job shaft of him. I had often noticed before the peculiar mode in which negroes quarrel. I would say that they did so very classically, after the model of Homer's heroes, for instance, for they generally prelude their combats with long speeches—or perhaps it would be more correct to call their method the Socratic mode of rubbing—as they commence and carry on with a series of questions, growing more and more stinging as they proceed, until a fight becomes unavoidable, as in the present case.

"The origin of the dispute was rather complex.—There was an Indian boy on board, of whom more anon; and this lad, Lenox, with a spice of his original calling, had been in the habit of teaching to read and to learn a variety of intuitive lessons, which he in turn took delight in revealing to the negroes; and these he is working away at this moment, reversing the order of things—the young teaching the old.

"Palmneedle appears a very dull scholar, while Chip, I can perceive, is sharp enough, and takes delight in piquing Palmy. Chip says his lesson glibly. "Ah, daddy Chip, you shall make one parson by and by—quite cleber this de morning—so now, Palmneedle, come along,' and Palmy also acquitted himself tolerably for some time.

"'What you call hanimal hab four legs?' said Indio, in continuation of the lesson, and holding up four fingers. Here I thought of my cousin Sally.

"'One cow,' promptly rejoined Palmneedle, working away at the sail he was mending.

"'Yes—to be sure! certainly one cow hab four legs; but what is de cow call?'

"'Oh, some time Nancy, some time Jube.'

"'Stupid—I mean what do you call cbery cow.'

"'How de debil should I sabe, Indio?'

"'Because,' said Indio, 'I tell you de morning already, one, tree, five time; but stop, I tell find one way to make you remember. How much feets you hab yourself?—surely you can tell me dat?'

"'Two—I hab two feets—dere.'

"'Den, what is you call?'

"'One quadruped. You tink I don't knew that?'

"'One quadruped! ho, ho—I know you would say so—you say so yesterday—really you very much blockhead indeed—*dat is* what de cow is call, man. You!—why you call is one omnivorous biped without fedder—dat is what you is call; and de reason, Massa Lennox tell me, is, because you nyam as much as ever you can get, and don't wear no fedder like one fowl—mira dat—you is one omnivorous biped.'—Here Chip began, I saw, to quiz Palmy also.

"'Now, Massa Indio,' said the former, 'let me be cool-mases one leetle piece. I say Palmy, is it de fact that you hab two feets—dat you eats all you can grab,' (*aside*) 'your own and your neighbors'—(*then aloud*) —'dat you hab no fedders in your tail—and therefore you is call *one omnifeerous tripid*' (at least what he said sounded more like *this* than any thing else.)—'Now, dere is *dat* ugly one foot-nager cookey, (the fellow was as black as a sloe hime I,) 'wid his wooden leg, what would you call *he*? tink well now; he only hab *one* leg, you know.

"'One *unicorn*,' said Palmy, after a pause, and scratching his woolly scull. But my laughter here put an end to the school, and was the innocent means of stirring up Palmy's wrath, who, mortified at perceiving that I considered the others had been quizzing him, was not long of endeavouring to work out his revenge. Slow as he might be at his learning, he was anything but slow in this. Palmneedle now took the lead in the dialogue. 'Chip,' said Palmy, 'enough of nonsense; so tell me how you let de good old woman, your moder, eh?'

"'Chip, who was caulking his seam, laid down his caulking iron and mallet, pulled up his sleeve, fidgetted with the wais-band of his trousers, turned his quid, spit in his fist, and again commenced operations, grumbling out very gruffly, 'my moder is dead.' He had clearly taken offence as Palmy evidently expected he would do, but why I could not divine, Palmy proceeded in his lesson of 'teazing made easy.'

"'Nice old woman—sorry to hear dat.' The rascal had known it, however, all along. 'Ah, now I remember; she was much swell when I last see him—and face bleat—Ah, I feared, for long time, she would take to nyman dirt at last.'

"'Who tell you so—who say my moder eat dirt?' cried Chip, deeply stung; for the greatest affront you can put on a negro, is to cast in his teeth either that he himself or some of his near of kin, labor under that mysterious complaint, *mal d'estomac*.

"'Oh, nobody,' rejoined Palmy, with a careless tone of the head; 'I only thought she look wery like it—glad to hear it was not so housecandever—but sartin she look very much like it—you nose allow dat your-sell, Chip!' The Carpenter made no answer, but I could see it was working. Palmy now began to sing in great glee, apparently, casting a wicked glance every now and then at his enemy, who thundered away, rap, rap, rap, rap, and thump, thump, thump, on the deck, paying the seam, as he shuffled along, with tobacco juice most copiously. At length he got up and passed forward. Palmy sang louder and louder.

"'Come mind you don't change your tune before long, my boy,' said I to myself.

"Chip now returned, carrying a pot of molten pitch in his hand. As he stepped over Palmy's leg, he spilt, by accident of course, some of the hot fluid upon his foot.

"'Broder Palmneedle—broder Palmneedle—I am wery sorry; but it was one haccident, you know.'

"Palmy, winced a little, but said nothing; and the master of the schr. coming on deck, sent Chip to stretch the sail in some particular way, and to hold it there, for the convenience of the sail-maker. Every thing remained quiet between them as long as the ship or was near, and I conducted my reading; but very shortly I heard symptoms of the scald operating on our sail-maker's temper, as the affront had done on the carpenter's.

"Quoth Chip to Palmneedle, as he sat on the deck, and took hold of the sail, 'Really bope I haven't burnt you, dear sir, Palmneedle?'

"'Oh, no, not at all,' drawing in his scalded toe, however, as if he had the gout in it.

"'Quite glad of dat; but hun do look swell a leetle, and de skin begin to peel off a bit. I am sorry to see.'

"'Oh, no,' quoth Palmy again, quite cool, 'no pain none though it wase from the kettle of Medea, or the cauldron of the witches in Macbeth, as a substitute for simple water. Take other maniacs, they attempt to reason on the subject of their hallucinations; and if we grant their premises, the conclusions are plausible enough. Should we admit with them, that drinking spirits and water or wine or wine and water, gives ing spirits and water or wine or wine and water, gives ing spirits and water or wine or wine and water, gives ing spirits and water or wine or wine and water, gives strength, we must, of course, assent to the propriety of their practice: but when we know, as a constantly demonstrated and well ascertained fact, that the sedemonstrated and well ascertained fact, that the sedemonstrated and well ascertained fact, that the sedem